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A CHALLENGE TO THE COLLEGES

Editorial Foreword

MANY PARENTS who read THE FORUM are preparing this summer to send a son or a daughter to college. My correspondence with the secretaries of admissions indicates that the applicants this year are more numerous than last year, in spite of the fact that thousands of graduates of 1931 and 1932 are still sitting at home being supported by their families, or are roaming the country in search of jobs. Why do you, as a parent, aid and abet the overproduction of white-collar alumni? Is it to postpone by four years the anxiety of finding employment? Is it merely to do as the Joneses do, because "of course, everybody who wishes to amount to anything goes to college?"

What do average American colleges offer to make living happier, or nobler, or more efficient? They have not provided our public life — as the British colleges have provided Parliament — with a race of politicians of brilliant parts and impeccable integrity. Nor have American colleges enlivened our civilization — as the Danish colleges have enlivened both office routine and family dinner tables — with a laughing, sophisticated society which quotes its axioms and its puns not from local slang, but from foreign languages. Neither Latin nor Greek is a dead language for the alumni of Denmark. If an American college graduate has studied any Latin, he has forgotten every word of it a year out of college. If he has, by chance, taken a course in politics, can he tell you within ten years, the dates of the administration of John Quincy Adams, or can he recall one single act passed during that distinguished presidency?

What has been the chief function of American colleges? Their chief usefulness has been the training in amiability. These grandiose country clubs for the domestication of trivialities foster cheerfulness, forbearance, and sportsmanlike behavior. Their smiling graduates are useful to society by serving as human lubricants and ball-bearings. Granted this achievement, few will deny that the social emphasis of American college life has been overdone. I could have wished that the business depression had gone far enough to close every club at Princeton and to obliterate some of the national fraternities whose houses fester upon the academic life of so many other colleges.

II

THERE ARE, of course, brilliant exceptions. Even the muck of politics is brightened in our day by the emergence of college graduates. Many such are now gathered in Washington to put across the New Deal. Take two outstanding examples: Franklin D. Roosevelt in the White House, Bronson Cutting in the

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Senate. Both made excellent records in mental achievements at Harvard. But let us look back of those records. Both these men are graduates of a preparatory school which trains for character and leadership, a school which inoculates every boy every day for six years with a sense of respect for himself and of responsibility for society. No, the honors go to the preparatory school rather than to Harvard College. In public life, in science, in the professions, boys trained in the Spartan living and moral rigor and high idealism of this school are making good their citizenship to-day, and even when they go into business their ethics shine above the average. I know, of course, that it is popular to disparage this training in responsibility at such preparatory schools as snobbishness. I am aware, also, that some preparatory graduates lapse into an innocuous state of smiling dilettanteism, but that is less the fault of the schools than the colleges, which allow their scholastic ideals to disintegrate.

The experimental nebulousness of the typical American college, the prevailing lack of purpose presented to the student is ripe for searching scrutiny. At a dinner of economists, the other evening, a physician, a dealer in personal rather than mass happiness, rose to declare that the entire financial discussion had left him cold. The real problem of society to-day, he asserted, is to offer youth a purpose in life. Society is not answering the questions of youth, "Why should I prepare for life? What is it all about?" A more important issue confronts us than how to raise the standards of living: it is to determine why life is worth living at all. Some young people in our day, having failed to find in college a meaning and purpose to life, have ended it miserably by their own act. Happily, most of them blunder along. Possibly a philosophy of life is too much to expect of a college or a student. But a substitute purpose can always be offered: the cultivation of some talent, the development of one's character, the preparation for one's career.

III

MY DISPARAGEMENT of colleges is not directed to the student who is determined to work his way through college, nor to the candidate who has charted his future and knows what he wants. The keen lad will find what will serve him in college just as in life. The dean of a small college told me the other day that the majority of his candidates for admittance had already decided on their careers and were applying for the courses which each thought would round him out. I hope that is the general trend. In my college days, we usually waited to make up our minds what to do with life until senior year, and some of us decided then by throwing ourselves face downward on our beds to get as close as possible to destiny. Others flipped a coin. To-day, on the contrary, my boy, who will go to college year after next, has already picked his career. He is investigating the right courses, the right outside activities. He has decided not to be an engineer. However, this summer he is going to the camp in New Jersey conducted for schoolboys by the Stevens Institute of Technology. At this admirable camp, the life of the engineer is presented so realistically that boys can find out readily for themselves whether or not they want to become engineers. I predict that all preparatory schools will sometime require courses exhibiting the careers offered by our complicated civilization.

The other day an educator urged that a NERA was more important than a NIRA. In education, the situation calls not, however, for recovery, but for revolution, a National Education Revolution Act. Directed intelligence and purpose are more needed even than money.

Well, criticism granted, the colleges will be filled this autumn. What President Coolidge said simply of the magazines, "they are good things," might also be said of the colleges. If colleges are good things, then let us make them serve us well. We are all going to have more leisure, and whose privilege is it more than the colleges' to show us the best non-remunerative uses of that leisure? The colleges must supply the cultural envelope for your boy's or girl's career. Therefore, I conclude by endorsing the recent broadcast of President Harvey Davis of Stevens Institute: "Give your keen boy a chance if you possibly can. And give somebody else's keen boy a chance in every way that lies within your power."

Henry Goddard Leach

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A FIVE-BILLION-DOLLAR CUSTOMER

America's Opportunity in Russia

BY DAVID OSTRINSKY

So far as the Editors of THE FORUM are aware, Mr. Ostrinsky is the first economist who has had the temerity to publish a detailed estimate of the possible value in dollars of trade with the U.S.S.R.

While, naturally, no one can vouch for the accuracy of any estimate of future events, qualified experts who have read this article state that they regard Mr. Ostrinsky's estimate as reasonable and, perhaps, even conservative.

THE UNITED STATES government, it seems, is definitely veering towards the policy of giving the Soviet Union a new deal. The grant in June of a $4,000,000 loan by the R.F.C. to American cotton interests to finance sales to the U.S.S.R. is a most significant step, and appears to presage an early resumption of normal commercial and diplomatic relations. The U.S.S.R. may well be the solution to America's export problem. This nation of 170 million souls, inhabitating one-sixth of the globe, is feverishly engaged in exploiting its vast reserves of lumber, oil, coal, iron, and precious metals. In its effort to raise the standard of living of its citizenry it is ready to import vast quantities of foreign goods.

A concrete idea of the potentialities of the Soviet market was conveyed to the World Economic Conference on June 14. Maxim Litvinoff, Commissar of Foreign Affairs, electrified the delegates by his announcement that the U.S.S.R., if given favorable credit terms and normal conditions for exports, might agree to place orders abroad in the near future in the sum of one billion dollars. "To be still more definite," M. Litvinoff said, "the Soviet Union could in the near future absorb about $200,000,000 worth of ferrous metals; $100,000,000 worth of materials for the textile, leather, and rubber industries; $400,000,000 worth of machinery, including railway equipment to the value of $100,000,000; $85,000,000 worth of agricultural goods, including breed stock; $50,000,000 worth of consumers' goods; and $50,000,000 worth of new ships, chiefly for industrial purposes, such as fishing, seal hunting, dredging, and so on.

"The significance of these figures will be more evident," continued M. Litvinoff, "if it is realized that they amount to from 25 to 66 per cent of existing world stocks in respect to such metals as aluminum, nickel, copper, and lead; to 100 per cent in the case of some of the consumers' goods; to a third of the annual world export of machinery, and 100 per cent of last year's total shipbuilding output. Such figures would be in excess of any plans already drawn up by the Soviet Government and do not apply to goods urgently required by it and to be ordered under present conditions."

II

THOUGH THESE figures created a sensation among the delegates, a close analysis of Russian economic needs and potentialities will reveal them as rather conservative. The products enumerated by M. Litvinoff can conceivably be absorbed in less than a year. Given a twenty-five year credit period, Russia might buy from the United States alone, $5,000,000,000 worth of goods and services in the next three and a half years.

Assuming that credit amounting to $5,000,000,000 could be made available, more than $300,000,000 of such a fund might well be devoted to modernizing agriculture in order to help solve the food question and the supply of raw materials for the textile and footwear industries. 150,000 tractors, 100,000 trucks, and quantities of other farm implements could be absorbed, which, together with home production, would permit an intensive cultivation of the soil, increase the sown area by 25,000,000 acres, and liberate sufficient labor power for industry. The output of the Stalingrad, Kharkov,

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and Cheliabinsk tractor works would, by 1937, raise the total number of tractors to 600,000, and would, subsequently, with their 150,000 annual capacity, meet the internal demands adequately. To increase the yield per acre, the fertilizer industry would be developed to the limit. Much equipment would be imported for the Khibinigorsk apatite mines, and the Solikamsk potash deposits, as well as for the erection of nitrogen fixation plants. Several million cattle are needed. Considerable acreage would be devoted to forage crops during this period, instead of to export wheat. The raising of industrial crops would be pushed, both for the home and foreign markets.

Over 30 per cent of this import fund might be devoted to the modernization of the transport system. In a country two and a half times the size of the United States there are but 50,000 miles of railroad track to the 260,000 in America, and less than 100,000 automobiles to America's 24,000,000. Transportation has been admittedly a weak link in the national economy. The second Five-Year Plan calls for the construction of 20,000 kilometers of rail, and 10,000 locomotives, but with American cooperation, 25,000 miles of rail could be laid, as Mr. Ralph Budd, United States railway expert, advised. Some $850,000,000 worth of equipment for the expansion and overhauling of the roads — rails, rolling stock, and accessories — would be required.

Modern Russia has become automobile- and aviation-minded. It realizes the advantages of utilizing motor transport for the short haul. 400,000 trucks and passenger cars could be imported, in addition to 100,000 farm trucks. The scheduled production of Soviet automobiles is 40,000 this year, and 400,000 by 1938 in the Nijni-Novgorod, Amo, Yaroslav, and Putilov plants, so that for years to come, Russia might be a good market for Detroit products. Of all transport, aviation is relatively furthest developed, but in order to expand passenger traffic properly, develop sowing from the air, and maintain communication with the otherwise inaccessible fur- and gold-bearing districts in Siberia and Central Asia, $75,000,000 worth of aircraft, particularly motors, would be needed.

Space does not permit going into detail with every other prominent item in the list of imports. Provision is made for exploiting extensively the extractive industries, so as to permit a large surplus for exports after the increasing home demand is met. It is important to note here that the U.S.S.R. plans to approach South Africa in gold production by 1937, and it is hoped that the present annual production of approximately $40,000,000 worth may be increased to over $200,000,000. $200,000,000 could be spent in imports of mining machinery and refining equipment. By raising the percentage of gold extraction from 50 per cent to the normal 85 per cent through better methods, by exploiting rich, but still undeveloped, sources, it is expected to realize the plan.

The metallurgical industries, as the kernel of industrial civilization, would be expanded. $150,000,000 worth of imports would, together with Russian material, equip the steel industry to turn out 25,000,000 tons a year, three times its present capacity, and would make feasible large scale construction throughout the land.

The development of engineering trades would be particularly stressed, as they are the measure of technical progress. Hence, machine tools of various sorts to the amount of $120,000,000 could be imported; also much alloy steel, since some time must be allowed for the home mills to turn out enough steel of the proper quality.

Russia wants to skip the steam age, making electricity the basic power for industry and agriculture. It would construct hundreds of plants and regional power stations, water power and peat operated, in the next five years. Most of the generators, turbines, and transformers it would buy from the United States.

The demands of a rapidly enlarged metallurgical and electrical industry would require importation of $185,000,000 worth of copper, zinc, lead, and other non-ferrous metals. Imported equipment for the consumer goods industries would be relatively light, as most of it would be supplied by Soviet factories.

The immediate needs of the Russian consumers would be duly considered. Over $300,000,000 worth of imported textiles, footwear, meat, and oranges would act as a powerful spur to the incentive of workers, peasants, and employees. $200,000,000 worth of American machinery could be taken to run the textile mills of Ivanovo and Moscow at full capacity.

The accompanying table (I) itemizes in

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Table I
ESTIMATED IMPORTS FROM UNITED STATES
1933–1937

Products	*Value*
150,000 Tractors	$100,000,000
100,000 farm trucks	75,000,000
Other farm implements and equipment, combines, harvesters, seed planters, incubators, etc.	45,000,000
Spare parts	30,000,000
Machinery and equipment for repair and service stations	20,000,000
Live stock for breeding, dairy, and stock	50,000,000
Rails and structural steel	200,000,000
2,000 locomotives	200,000,000
100,000 railroad cars	200,000,000
Accessories — brakes, automatic couplings, block signals	100,000,000
Railroad construction equipment	50,000,000
400,000 automobiles	300,000,000
Spare parts	75,000,000
Equipment for repairs and service stations	75,000,000
Aircraft and motors	75,000,000
Ships and engines	125,000,000
Road construction machinery	125,000,000
Telephone, telegraph, and radio equipment	25,000,000
Oil mining and refining equipment	125,000,000
Coal mining equipment	50,000,000
Iron ore mining equipment	75,000,000
Mining and refining equipment for non-ferrous metals, copper, lead, zinc, manganese	150,000,000
Gold mining equipment	200,000,000
Quarrying equipment	50,000,000
Blast furnaces, steel mill, and coke furnace equipment	150,000,000
Generators, transformers, electrical tools	150,000,000
Logging and sawmill equipment	50,000,000
Paper and celluloid mill equipment	100,000,000
Chemical industry equipment	150,000,000
Construction machinery	100,000,000
Cement works equipment	100,000,000
Cement	50,000,000
Plumbing and steam fitting supplies	50,000,000
Machine tools	120,000,000
Small tools	35,000,000
Copper, zinc, lead, nickel, aluminum	185,000,000
Structural and alloy steels	200,000,000
Chemicals, paints, and dyes	50,000,000
Textile machinery	50,000,000
Canning equipment	75,000,000
Refrigeration equipment	50,000,000
Cotton	200,000,000
Textiles	125,000,000
Footwear	50,000,000
Meat products	100,000,000
Oranges and lemons	25,000,000
Technical aid contracts	100,000,000
Miscellaneous	215,000,000
Grand total	$5,000,000,000

greater detail the goods Russia might buy from the United States during the next four years, in each case with estimated values.

III

"THIS IS all very well," will be the reaction of sceptics, "but is the Soviet economic system functioning satisfactorily? Will it be in a position to repay? How will it pay?"

The Soviet Union has just completed the Five-Year Plan, the first in a series of five-year plans, launched in order to "catch up with and overtake the advanced capitalist countries in industrial development in the nearest historical epoch." What were the actual specific goals set by the original Five-Year Plan, and how far have they been realized? The major aims set were threefold, namely: (1) increase of industrial production by 136 per cent, mainly in the heavy industries — the branches turning out production goods, (2) socialization of agriculture through the medium of collective farms and state farms to the extent of 18 per cent of the sown area, (3) raising of real wages by 65 per cent.

On January 7, 1933, Stalin reported that the industrial program had been fulfilled to the extent of 93.7 per cent, attributing the slight shortcoming to the fact that scores of factories were converted last spring to the manufacture of war implements for a period of four months on account of the Japanese war threat. Industrial productivity has more than doubled over 1928, registering an average annual increase of 22 per cent. The period witnessed an investment of 23.3 billion rubles in industry as against 4.9 billion in the preceding four years.

A hundred and forty major modern industrial enterprises, steel mills, power stations, automobile plants have sprung up since 1928, and some thirteen hundred smaller plants. For the first time, Russian industries are turning out such products as machine tools, turbogenerators, and tractors, as well as hundreds of other products. At present, the home production is supplying as much as 80 per cent of the machinery and equipment required by industry, as against 36 per cent before the war. There can be no question but that the technological foundation has been laid by the first Five-Year Plan for further industrial expansion.

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There has been one serious shortcoming, the failure to reduce production costs adequately, and to increase the productivity of labor. But the young engineers are avidly thumbing the pages of western technical journals, and the youthful peasant workmen are perspiring over imported American machines and learning; it is a question of years, of course. The second five-year period is now being officially heralded as the one for completely mastering the tools and the advanced processes of production that have been transplanted from foreign lands. The excessive labor turnover, directly traceable, in large measure, to the agrarian revolution, has been a major cause of retarded efficiency. The story of the Stalingrad tractor plant is typical. Splendidly equipped with the latest American machinery, it is an anomaly on the fringe of Kirghiz Steppes; camels rub their heads against its walls. Visiting it in the summer of 1930, I found no tractors leaving the conveyer, though the plant had been officially open several months. The year following was one of sluggish but steady advance, of breaking in the raw hands, of raising daily production from scratch to six, eight, fifteen, nearly reaching the hundred mark by the spring of 1931. In the summer, output dropped considerably, and the government, in the fall, sent one of its best organizers to take over the management and make the Stalingrad plant produce to capacity. By maintaining a steady technical and labor personnel, a regular flow of raw materials, and satisfactory food supply, he succeeded in raising production to 144 a day by winter. His strenuous labors literally killed the director, but he had proved the ability of the Russian to master technique. In the summer of 1932, the food supply deteriorated, and one quarter of the personnel failed to return from their vacations, finding work elsewhere. Output fell 50 per cent. The dreary and expensive process of training the new hands had to be gone through all over again. Now, it seems, the situation is well in hand, for production has reached 144 a day. Wherever the condition of a stable labor and managerial personnel has been maintained for a year or more, the efficiency of labor has shown a marked increase.

In agriculture, the socialized sector now constitutes 78 per cent of the sown area instead of the scheduled 18 per cent. This transformation of petty individual holdings into large scale farms, socially owned and operated, involving nearly a hundred million peasants, is a social revolution of the first magnitude. The price paid for the sudden upsetting of rural routine has been heavy. In speeding up collectivization plans by more than 400 per cent, bitter kulak opposition was aroused, finding expression in destruction of livestock and in other acts of sabotage. Acute problems involving management of the new agricultural units and supply of implements were created. The emphasis put by the government on industrial development in 1931 and 1932 and pressure on the peasantry to pay for this industrialization in the face of falling prices on the world market reacted unfavorably on agricultural production in these two years. Now, having attained the basic aims in its industrial program, the government has shifted its attention to the peasants. By a series of recent measures, reduced taxes, dispatching of able leaders to the farms, and completion of new equipment, the morale of the tillers of the soil has been raised. The latest farm reports would indicate that, barring unfavorable weather developments, the harvest this year will exceed the bumper crop of 1930.

IV

It is possible to dwell sentimentally on the denials imposed upon the Russian people in order to build up a modern industry, aggravated by wastages and dislocations attending the agrarian revolution. The importance for the future, however, is that a large industry has been developed, that a network of modern plants is dotting the steppes, and that the Russians are learning to manage them. It is a growing organism, beset, to be sure, with "growing pains," but one which functions and the efficiency of which is bound to rise with the accumulation of experience.

The second Five-Year Plan, now being drafted, is more moderate in its tempo, calling for an annual increase in industrial production of 13 per cent, and assigning a lesser rôle to foreign trade than in the first "Piatiletka." The drop in prices of raw material in the world markets, high tariff walls, and embargoes, coupled with the granting of inadequate credit, had already decreased Soviet imports to

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Table II

How Loan Might Be Repaid by U.S.S.R.

(*All figures represent millions of dollars*)

	1934–38	*1939–43*	*1944–48*	*1949–53*	*1954–58*	*Total for 25 Years*
Furs	$ 50	$ 100	$ 150	$ 170	$ 175	$ 645
Manganese	18	25	30	30	30	133
Spruce, pulpwood, pulp	40	80	125	160	175	580
Crabmeat, caviar, fish	15	30	30	30	30	135
Silk	5	15	25	35	50	130
Hides, skin, leather	10	25	70	100	130	335
Rugs, art, handicraft	6	15	25	25	25	96
Coal	5	10	10	10	10	45
Iron ore	6	10	10	10	10	46
Casings	9	15	15	15	15	69
Bristles	3	5	7	7	7	29
Licorice root	3	5	6	6	6	26
Asbestos	3	8	15	20	20	66
Rags and bones	2	3	4	4	4	17
Chrome, ore, magnesite	3	5	6	6	6	26
Mushrooms	3	6	6	6	6	27
Flax, linens	3	12	15	20	20	70
Candy	2	4	5	6	6	23
Matches	2	4	6	10	10	32
Precious metals	4	6	10	15	15	50
Motion pictures	2	5	10	15	15	47
Miscellaneous	6	12	20	25	25	88
Total for five-year periods	$200	$400	$600	$725	$790	$2,715
Oil for re-export	100	225	450	450	450	1,675
Silks, hides, leather, wool, by triangular arrangement	100	225	450	425	375	1,575
Gold from Russian mines	225	500	500	500	75	1,800
Tourist and Torgsin income	125	175	200	200		700
Favorable trade balance with other countries	125	200	100			425
Total payments for five-year periods	$875	$1,725	$2,300	$2,300	$1,690	$8,890

$360,000,000 in 1932, as against the provision in the Five-Year Plan for $878,000,000 and actual imports in 1930 of $597,000,000. Faced with unfavorable credit and market conditions, and finding itself now equipped with modern plants of its own, it naturally turns more on itself. However, were the conditions reversed, another policy would follow.

The Soviet Union is anxious to raise the standard of living of its people very rapidly, much faster than it could with its own immediate tools. Considerable as its own equipment may be, at present it can figuratively only scratch the over-two-billion acres of forest lands, the eleven hundred and thirteen billion tons of coal, the two hundred and ten billion tons of iron ore, and the three billion tons of oil. It would, therefore, welcome co-operation from the outside to the maximum, providing the terms do not cramp its economic life. It is no exaggeration to say that the Soviet government could rationally absorb $5,000,000,000, or $30 per capita, worth of American goods during the next four years.

The loan could be repaid in full over a period of twenty-five years. It may be assumed for purposes of calculation that interest payments of 5 per cent would commence in 1934 and that in 1939 the redemption of the principal would begin. The gold from Soviet mines, that realized from tourist traffic, Torgsin business, and favorable balance of trade, would cover a

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third of the debt. Commodities would make up the balance. The Russian goods sent to the United States would be largely those which are not competing with American industries, those which are normally imported. American petroleum companies buy a huge volume of foreign oil for distribution in the Old World, and Russian oil could figure prominently in their purchases, acting as an important item in the debt refund. Finally, by a triangular arrangement, Russian products could be exchanged for silk from China, and hides, leather, and wool from Mongolia, Chinese Turkestan, and the Near Eastern countries, and the latter products directed to American shores. The development of animal husbandry and silk worm culture in Russia would tend to lessen the relative importance of such an arrangement later on. (See table II, page 135.)

There can be no question of the ability of the U.S.S.R. to redeem the debt within twenty-five years, when average payments amount to but $356,000,000 a year, or $2.09 per capita. Russian exports in 1930 alone reached $553,731,000. Colonel Hugh Cooper, American engineer, has estimated that Russia is an annual, safe, three-billion-dollar market for world exporters. When we take into consideration the fact that the bulk of past Soviet imports have been production goods, that man and machine are continually employed, that the natural resources are vast, it seems plausible that, with the aid of the loan and the continuation of such an arrangement, Russia would be able to develop an increasing export surplus.

The ability to pay has, I believe, been demonstrated. There remains the question of willingness to pay. We have, first of all, the past records which reveal a scrupulous meeting of each and every one of the financial obligations entered into. The Kerensky debt incurred by the pre-Bolshevik provisional government can be settled amicably once America has expressed willingness to co-operate economically on a big scale. The Soviet Union has too much to gain from commercial intercourse with the United States and other advanced countries in the coming generation to invite the severance of such relations by a default in payment. For many years to come, it will find it cheaper to import certain machines, motors, and special steels, and pay back in raw materials and semi-manufactured articles, than to depend entirely on home production. Until ten million additional workmen and engineers and technicians are absorbed in industry, and until each individual and production unit masters the technique, cutting the cost of production to the American level, it will pay to import. The effective inoculation with technical culture of such a mass is a question of several five-year plans. Also, it would be to the interest of the U.S.S.R. to continue imports of non-ferrous metals, rather than exhaust its rather limited known reserves. Rapid industrial expansion, like forced marches of an army, reveals weak spots, local strains, and gaps which sometimes might be more effectively bridged by foreign assistance. Finally, the rapid advance in technology will impel Russia to seek access to the latest inventions.

The launching of the second Five-Year Plan signifies the inauguration of a new era, that of economic absorption as opposed to political. Instead of the feeling, prevalent in the early stages of the Soviet régime, of the precariousness of the frail industrial structure supporting a communist system, amidst a sea of peasantry and hostile capitalist states, and the fervent hope for some powerful industrial state, such as Germany, turning Communist and supplying the industrial backbone to the then amorphous land, there is now a faith in itself. It has turned to and on itself, to make itself a great industrial country. Quite obviously, the meaning of this is peace.

M. Rosengoltz, Commissar of Foreign Trade, stated openly last April that there is no country in the world that can so well satisfy the Soviet market for machinery as the United States. It seems likely that America can capture a major portion of the potential annual three-billion-dollar Russian market for decades to come, if favorable credit terms are now granted. This, of course, would involve the active participation of the American government and recognition of Moscow.

There need be no apprehension of a future "Red Trade Menace" to the world, for the U.S.S.R. is not interested in piling up a huge gold reserve. One of the peculiarities of the Soviet system is that it regards goods as real wealth, rather than gold. It exports only that it may pay for imports.

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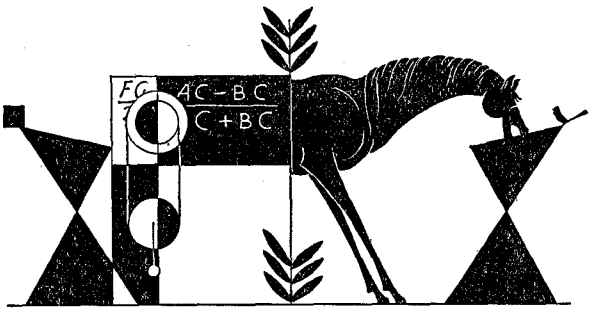
IS COLLEGE WORTH WHILE?

BY ROBERT E. ROGERS



THIS FALL is going to see the crucial test of the American college. Registration has stood up amazingly well, considering the hard times of the past three years. The college authorities have very excusably considered the continued normal registration as proof that the college has come to be considered a necessity in our educational life. But there is reason to believe that some of this registration is an argument against, rather than for, the college as indispensable. It is obvious that a good many young men and women, who in good times would have gone into business, have chosen instead to attend college, simply because there is nothing else to do.

This is true particularly in the states that have tax-supported universities, since the cost of a college education at a state university is comparatively low. In the expensive institutions of the East — and they are growing more expensive every year — the authorities have more reason to congratulate themselves that they are meeting a genuine demand. For such schools the test comes this September. Times are no less hard, there is little more money in circulation, and family reserves must be pretty well exhausted. To send a girl or boy to college or to a school of collegiate grade this year will involve desperate sacrifices for many people. If they still insist on making such sacrifices, it will mean that the college idea has taken such firm root in the popular imagination that it cannot be eradicated.

The question is whether it is good for the American people to be so completely sold on this idea that nearly every boy and girl thinks of a college education as his by right. In the twenty-five years and more since I entered college, the proportion of young people of very moderate means and very moderate abilities who take college for granted has increased enormously. All sorts of institutions have sprung up, purporting to offer college education and grant degrees, often with no adequate entrance requirements and as often with low standards of attainment. The college degree, A.B. or B.S., means much less to-day, both financially and socially, than it did a quarter of a century ago. It has been abominably cheapened by institutions that sacrifice everything to mere size, to swollen numbers and a large income from tuition.

Twenty-five years ago a college degree undoubtedly gave a young man or woman a decided advantage in the race of life over those who had won merely a high school diploma. This, too, in spite of the fact that the college man in business was still looked upon with skepticism and suspicion by self-made business men of the old school. Slowly even these came to realize that the college degree did mean something that was of value in business and practical affairs.

But curiously enough, that suspicion has almost completely died out just at the time when the degree is no longer a guarantee that its owner is good material, in the first place, carefully winnowed out and selected, or has been, in the second place, adequately trained and genuinely educated. It is not too much to say that to-day a college degree means just about what a high school degree meant forty years ago — and not a bit more.

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To-day the ambitious and promising young man or woman takes it for granted that he must go on to professional school, to specialize intensively in the law, medicine, engineering, or even business, if he is to have a preferred place in the competition. Now just here is where the rub comes. It cannot be denied that many thousands of unpromising candidates are able to complete, fairly satisfactorily, the pretty elementary requirements of the general run of our American colleges. But the good professional school is something else again. And most of our professional schools are kept at a pretty high standard of achievement.

There are professional schools whose standards are low. Consider the part-time or evening law school, for instance, which is generally held to be a blight on the legal profession, because it often accepts students whose previous education has been thoroughly inadequate. It turns out hundreds of graduates who are never able to pass the bar examinations, without which they cannot practice.

There, I take it, is the situation. If you are of ordinary ability and merely go through college, your A.B. or B.S. degree is not going to do very much more for you than the high school diploma. Professional school lies ahead. If you have not the brains, the patience and energy, or the money, to go to professional school, your college education is not going to be much of an asset, so far as practical results are concerned.

The trouble, of course, is with the universal craze for a "white-collar" job. At a recent conference on vocational guidance held at Harvard, reports of surveys made in California revealed that "student's choices of preferred occupations showed a wide disparity between the percentage of population actually employed in professions and the percentage of students anxious to work in professional fields, as compared with industrial and agricultural occupations." A few years ago a questionnaire widely circulated among high school boys in the Middle West showed that some 25 per cent of them hoped to go to engineering school and enter engineering work, whereas the great engineering associations have estimated that the profession can assimilate every year not more than two or three per cent of the candidates.

Medicine has saved itself by rigidly restricting entrance to medical schools and boosting the requirements for graduation. But there is literally no limit to the number of men who receive diplomas in the law and subsequently are admitted to the bar, and so long as the alliance between the law and politics is so close there will be no limit. The more lawyers, the better for the politicians. It is becoming plain that all engineering schools ought to be graduate schools. The same holds true of the so-called schools of business administration, many of which are probably not much more advanced than the old-fashioned business college.

Consider Your Child's Ability

This is the problem the average parent of average income must face: Is it going to be worth while to put your nose to the grindstone, make the sacrifice, scrimp, and save the money to send Johnny or Jennie to college, just because other boys and girls are going, and the American people have been sold on the proposition that it is the thing to do? Father and mother ought to consider some things very seriously. In the first place has the child the brains? Not general intelligence, but the kind of brains that differentiates college material from the rest of the crowd. Has he done really well with his high school studies, or has he just slipped by, putting most of his time and enthusiasm on athletics and social affairs? In spite of all the loose talk about examinations and grades, they are the only standard of measurement we have. The high school record should be the primary and the chief test.

Has the child any genuine intellectual curiosity, any real ability to use his mind? Boys that like to tinker with radio sets and electrical apparatus are often considered as predestined material for an engineering school. Often they prove to have no mathematical interest or ability, and so their time and money are wasted. They are tinkerers. They will make good automobile repair men, perhaps, but not engineers. Another boy might make an excellent chain-store manager or salesman, who would be lost in the problems of accounting and scientific business organization. Nor is it necessary to believe that the salesman or the store manager needs

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the higher education — say, a school of "business engineering" — to fit him for his job. Millions of dollars are being wasted by the American people on academic training for the kind of jobs that can be taught best by the boss and learned best in the field.

The theoretical answer to all this is that the college does not teach you to earn a living, it teaches you how to live. That is not how the American people regard college. They regard it almost purely as an economic asset, a means to earn more money and to advance more quickly, to have an easier time of it than Dad and Mother had. If it is a social asset, too, all the better, provided it means meeting, not cultivated people but well-to-do people — which is not always the same thing.

"Advantages" of a College Education

I have heretofore taken the American popular opinion at its face value. I have been saying that college will not, on the average, do very much for you in the way of a superior job, high wages, or rapid advancement. The combination of heavy competition among college men and the necessary economies in business, a return to pre-boom policies, are going to bear down heavily on the ambitious college graduate. But let me look for a minute, on the bare chance that either parents or children might be interested, at the contention of the colleges that they teach the good life, which in itself should be sufficient without high place or great riches. "Oh yeah!" says the average father and child.

The average college boy and girl may — and often does — leave college after four years, still the comparatively unlicked cub he or she entered it — without any thorough training in mind or body, in speech or manners, without any love of learning for its own sake or any mastery of one beloved subject. Even in the most elementary matters that civilize an uncivilized young thing, the average college does not even do as well as West Point and Annapolis. These government schools at least train the body seriously and add thereto some instruction in social behavior, so that the boy from the sticks, the small-town roughneck, and the nondescript product of the city may graduate with at least the earmarks of a gentleman. Swimming, fencing, golf, dancing, and even bridge, I believe, are required. If the colleges were to require only those, it would be a whole lot more than they are doing at present.

The average college allows an overemphasis on athletics and social life — particularly in a coeducational college — which seduces the average boy or girl, the natural drifter. To most of these the really unusual cultural opportunities to be found in any good college mean less than nothing. They read only what they are forced to read. They are kept at their work by a high school system of attendance, daily quizzes, hour exams, and finals. They have little opportunity, even if they have the capacity, to do thorough work in some difficult subject which interests them. They amass "credits," widely and shallowly, over an impossibly varied field. Most of them do not even learn to write their own tongue competently or to speak upon their feet effectively — the two gateways to success. Most of them on graduation still talk like muckers, and think — well, they think like their friends who slid through high school and got jobs in chain stores.

Better Returns for Your Money

Now most of this is definitely the college's fault. The authorities will tell you — particularly in the great, state-university cafeterias — that they cannot do much more with the material they have. The answer is that they have steadily lowered their entrance requirements and their graduation requirements to meet the abilities of these thousands who have neither the brains, the aptitude, nor the ambition for learning. The thousands will not do a bit more than is required of them. The vicious circle is complete. Most of them leave college without the slightest idea what it means to be an educated, cultivated gentleman or gentlewoman. They have not learned how to earn a living. They have not learned how to live. So what?

Let me put it like this to the parent who is doubtful about sending his children to college: A thousand parents pay three hundred dollars apiece (and that is an understatement) for tuition alone. That money serves to hire a number of supposedly learned and competent teachers, experts in their subjects. To get their

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services solely for your son or daughter would cost you three hundred thousand dollars.

All the boys and girls alike have access to them. On the basis of the general run of college records it is likely that about thirty per cent of the students will get their full money's worth. These will make really good records in their studies. Some thirty per cent more may, as their records show, get something out of it. The remaining thirty per cent will get nothing. They will not even know what it is all about. Strictly speaking, one thousand parents will have been paying pretty heavily to furnish instruction for the children of about one third of them who can really profit by it. The rest is waste of time and money and nervous energy, without appreciable return.

Much better to take that three hundred dollars and pay some competent business man or craftsman whom you respect to take your son as an apprentice in the old fashion. Or hire a tutor to teach him thoroughly some one thing which he really wants to learn.

I have been speaking chiefly in terms of boys, as I know the college boy better than the college girl. But the criticism against the traditional women's college intensifies rapidly. So far as practical preparation for life is concerned, it teaches neither the fine art of being wife, mother, and home-maker nor any useful specialty. It teaches one perhaps how to be a woman school teacher in a land inundated with women teachers. But in the main, and for most girls, the women's liberal arts college of the traditional type is merely a very pretentious finishing school, excellent for social prestige in a small town, but not very useful otherwise. And there can be no doubt that there are colleges where the female pedagogues deliberately discourage their pupils from marriage and home-making and hold up before them the ideal of the independent, unmarried, professional woman as God's noblest work. If you want your daughter to run a fair chance of becoming one of the third sex, send her to one of the big six, an old, fashionable, women's college.

Substitutes for College

But we shall be told that the young people must be kept in school longer, since there is no employment for them. Very well. Keep them in school until they are twenty-one, if you like, as the former Commissioner of Education once proclaimed as the American ideal. Extend the public school system to that end. Eliminate the college preparatory subjects from the high school curriculum and emphasize the arts and crafts and aptitudes which make for a rich and creative use of leisure time. If our children of the future are going to work fewer days and shorter hours at more modest wages, as seems inevitable, teach them to use their leisure creatively, lest Satan find mischief still. . . !

But do not pretend that this education for leisure is "higher education" in any true sense of the term, that it will prepare the youngsters for professional work, that it deserves a "degree," or that it will mean higher salaries or gaudier jobs or more snooty social position. It won't, and it shouldn't pretend to. Its certificate, if certificate there need be, should be merely the outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace or contentment. Not a season pass to the precincts of the money-changers in the temple of "the goddess Success."

Why not recruit our boys and girls for pledges to live in the home town, to make living in the home town a useful, gracious, rich experience? To be as good farmers as can be found, as good craftsmen and mechanics as can be trained. To make the high school diploma a badge of honor in itself, as it emphatically is not at present. To make the white collar a proud ceremonial dress of occasion, instead of a badge of poorly paid daily servitude. To make the public library and the book-and-magazine store as much the real centers of town life as the picture theatre and the corner soda fountain. To make the town as proud of its amateur orchestra and choral society as of its twilight league baseball team. To live more abundantly.

In such a town the occasional young college graduate would be respected at his true value and be turned to as a leader in the community, since he would be recognized as having the stuff. Far better that than to be one of hundreds of so-called professional men in a big city, poorly paid lawyers and draftsmen and salesmen and bond peddlers — all college graduates together at a dime a dozen!

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THE FINAL VERDICT ON RECOVERY

Will the Supreme Court Support Mr. Roosevelt?

BY PAUL HUTCHINSON

SOME DAY in the not distant future — say shortly before next Christmas — nine men, clad in the lugubrious robes in which, traditionally and rightly, the decisions of the law are announced, will take their seats on the dais of that solemn little room in the Capitol into which awed tourists peek after they have tired of testing the whispering gallery in Statuary Hall. A stiff decorum will hold the place in utter silence. But the crowded seats, the strained attention of the reporters, and the sharp watchfulness of the doorkeepers will all betray the importance of the moment. Who, in that line of Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States sitting in those massive chairs, will lean forward to begin reading the verdict? Will it be Butler, or Sutherland, or McReynolds? Or will it be Brandeis, or Stone? The fate of the Roosevelt program for national recovery may be settled in that first moment when it is revealed whose voice speaks for the majority of the Court. And with the fate of the Roosevelt program there will be tied up, for years to come, the fate of the nation.

It is not too early to consider that coming scene, for its enactment is as certain as the continuation of the American judicial process. In an effort to rescue the country from the economic slough of despond into which it has sunk, and to guard against a recurrence of similar catastrophes, Congress has enacted, under presidential pressure, measures which change not only the methods but the whole philosophy and prospect of our industry. Some industries, or some industrialists, too deeply impregnated with traditions of rugged individualism, are certain not to submit to the authority of these new Rooseveltian laws until their last legal recourse has been exhausted. Some coal mining company in southern Illinois, some textile manufacturer in the Carolinas, some hosiery mill proprietor in Pennsylvania — someone, somewhere, will seek an injunction restraining the Federal Government from putting into effect the provisions of the recent legislation. Such a case may be taking form in the lower courts before this article can be published. From the lower courts it will inexorably travel upward until the day comes when the nine men on the Supreme bench — "nine old men," they have been called in the realistic pages of *Washington Merry-Go-Round* — render their final verdict.

It is amazing, when seen in the light of the approaching decision, how enormous is the power which precedent and the fears of the founding fathers have placed in the hands of these nine men. Consider! Here is a nation so close to collapse that its entire banking system has had to be closed down in order to save any of it. A nation forced to abandon its currency standard; forced to suspend (or shall we be frank about it and say repudiate?) the operation of many contracts, public and private, and the gold clause in all of them. A nation with a third of its population out of work or dependent on those who are out of work. This nation votes overwhelmingly for a New Deal. The executive and the legislators thus chosen labor prodigiously to translate their popular mandate into laws that shall establish new processes. The economic life of the nation begins to make itself over under the patterns of these new laws. That is to say, something gets under way that promises jobs for desperate men, food for despairing families, and protection for harassed industrialists. And just as this process of recovery and transformation has well started, the President, the Congress, and the 120 million citizens must turn to these nine men on the Supreme bench and ask, "What about it?

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Can we go ahead? Or must we give all this up, and drop back into the futile puttering which so clearly showed its inability to deliver us from the depths into which we have sunk?"

There were times when the augurs of Rome could exercise an authority that overrode that of senate or consuls. But there is no parallel in history to the veto power which the United States has placed in the hands of its highest court, a majority of whose members is always a survival from administrations long since passed into the shadows.

II

Not to put too tragic an aspect on the events that may follow an adverse decision by the Supreme Court concerning the constitutionality of recently enacted legislation, consider the effect of such a decision on the fortunes of Franklin D. Roosevelt. Mr. Roosevelt, after three months in office, commands a remarkable popular prestige. Here and there editorial writers on newspapers that helped save the country from Bryan in 1896 have begun to point out, as the *Chicago Tribune* quaintly puts it, that it is difficult to distinguish between the news printed under a Moscow date-line and the measures that are now being reported from Washington. Certain well-paid officers of manufacturers' associations are likewise to be heard o' nights, out howling on the edge of the industrial timber. But the people as a whole believe in Mr. Roosevelt. If he were up for re-election this year, his majority would be larger than it was last November.

What will happen to Mr. Roosevelt, however, if the program which he has mapped out for his Administration, and which has won him this unprecedented support, should be tossed into the constitutional wastebasket by the coming decision of the Supreme Court? What will happen to Mr. Roosevelt's party? Or — to put the question in the form in which it probably stands in Mr. Roosevelt's own mind — what will happen to that process of gradual legislative transformation within the structure of existing society to which the President as a liberal but representative executive is committed?

The broad outlines of the Roosevelt program for recovery are familiar. It has been divided into three major efforts. First came the emergency measures necessitated by the conditions obtaining at the time of the Inaugural. These included the saving of the banks (as many of them as could be saved), the abandonment of the gold standard, a drive against hoarding, and the arrangements made for various forms of mortgage relief. A second major division, foreshadowed by Mr. Roosevelt's campaign speeches and the appointment of Senator Hull as Secretary of State, looked to the negotiation of international agreements, especially in the lowering of tariffs and other trade barriers, to open new opportunities for business revival. It is clear, however, that the chances for this part of the Roosevelt program, entrusted largely to the tender mercies of the London Economic Conference, are very slim. Opinion is developing rapidly that such economic recovery as the United States experiences during Mr. Roosevelt's term will have to come for the most part from internal readjustments. Accordingly, the legislation to secure permanent economic changes inside the United States — the third major division in the Roosevelt program — assumes added importance. By it Mr. Roosevelt's New Deal stands or falls.

Five principal measures compose the heart of the Roosevelt plan for permanent economic rehabilitation. These are the *Caveat Venditor* Law, largely written by Professor Felix Frankfurter, governing the sale of securities; the Glass-Steagall Banking Act, which the Administration accepted rather than sponsored; the Tennessee Valley Authority Act, which sets precedents for a government-controlled economy equal to anything Russia has known under the Five-Year Plan; the Agricultural Act; and the National Industrial Recovery Act. Important constitutional issues are raised by every one of these measures, but in order to keep the discussion within bounds attention will be concentrated here largely on the last. If the National Industrial Recovery Act works, the Roosevelt Administration will go down in history as one of the three or four great periods of national achievement. If it doesn't work, then it will just go down.

Analysis will show that the vital principle in the National Industrial Recovery Act lies

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in the method by which it plans to restore purchasing power to the sadly deflated masses. This it is proposed to secure by herding formerly throat-cutting competitive units in our principal industries into industrial associations which shall set standards of hours, wages, and other working conditions. It is becoming increasingly evident that the working week thus established will be comparatively short. (The maximum working week fixed in any code which has been adopted up to this time is 40 hours.) This will both increase employment and, it is hoped, lessen layoffs. The wage scales required as a minimum will push up the purchasing power of the working classes. More people working for higher wages means increased spending, which in turn means less depression. That, at least, is the way in which Mr. Roosevelt and his brain trust work out the equation. And when the manufacturer begins to demur that this will take away from him control over his own business, the Administration's answer is that it will also insure him a profit-making price for his goods, protection from the competition of price-cutters and sweatshoppers, and still leave competition free in the one realm where modern society can afford to encourage it, namely, in the efficiency of production and distribution.

Up to this point the Roosevelt plan looks like a leaf taken out of last year's proposal by Gerard Swope. But it develops a character of its own when it provides that, in case of recalcitrance, the Government shall have the power to step in and put complete industries under a system of federal licensing, granting licenses to operate to such firms as are ready to play the game under the new rules, but, by withholding licenses, putting out of business those concerns which insist on sticking to the dog-eat-dog methods of the days of *laissez faire*. The picture of American industry under the Roosevelt laws thus becomes a picture of economic planning on a scale never before attempted in a capitalistic state, with sufficient realization of the incompatibility between the profit-seeking ends of capitalism and the work-and-income-spreading ends of economic planning to provide that the government shall always be on hand in the rôle of policeman, ready to beat into line anyone who grows intractable.

III

IT REQUIRES no seventh son of a seventh son to foresee that a part of American industry will never allow the economic order to be revolutionized in this fashion without shrieking "Unconstitutional!" and rushing for the Supreme Court. Nor is it difficult to prophesy what arguments will be used to convince the Justices that unless they intervene, the heritage of our fathers (*vide* Mr. Hoover's Valley Forge speech!) will be destroyed. And if any reader thinks that the rugged individualists who are protesting that Mr. Roosevelt's program is unconstitutional are without a case, let him consider briefly three of its features, not one of them of a marginal character, but all three vital to its functioning.

In the first place, the Roosevelt program for industrial recovery is based on the premise that any scheme of industrial control to be effective must be national. To those lingering sentimentalists who still feel that there should be some connection between a party's traditions and its practice, there will doubtless appear considerable irony in the fact that the method of industrial rehabilitation adopted by the party historically devoted to states' rights should be to bring all industry under various forms of federal control. (The Agricultural Act proceeds on the same premise, and the logical outcome of the Banking Act fathered by the senior Senator from Virginia is bound to be a federal banking system.) But the tension at this point as between Democratic party traditions and the policy of a Democratic administration is small compared with the legal tension between the underlying theory of the Constitution and the laws under which it is now proposed to conduct industry.

Without going off the deep end into a discussion of what the founding fathers were up to when they wrote the Constitution (and its first ten amendments), there can be no question but that one of their primary aims was to keep the control of such industry as then existed in the hands of the respective states. If they hadn't tried to do that, and if the states hadn't believed the effort successful, the Constitution would never have been ratified. That is as undisputed a fact as comes out of the period, and the Supreme Court has recog-

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nized it by ruling, over and over, in such a way as to make anything but state control of production unconstitutional. Federal control of interstate commerce has been sustained, and there have been attempts to apply this in such a way as to set up a virtual control over the products borne by the commerce. But when the Supreme Court has been convinced that it was control over industry, rather than over the distribution of industry's product, that was being sought, it has never hesitated to step in with its veto.

Recall what happened to the federal Child Labor Law. Here was, and is, a national scandal. Little children were being ruthlessly exploited in certain states by rapacious industrial interests that were strong enough, locally, to prevent the enactment — or occasionally the enforcement — of state laws adequate for the protection of minors. This notorious condition of affairs forced the passage of a national law designed to thwart the local immunity of the offending exploiters. To get at these offenders, the federal law provided for the exclusion from interstate commerce of the products of child labor. But the Supreme Court, when the law came before it, ruled that the real intent of its provisions was to regulate the conditions of industry through federal statute (which it was), a prerogative exclusively belonging to the states. On the scrap heap went the law, and now those who believe that the vindication of the claim of the United States to be a civilized nation requires some sort of general regulation in restraint of child labor are forced to turn to the amending of the Constitution — a task that, at the present rate, will consume years. Meanwhile, the scandal of child labor, even in these days of a gorged adult labor market, continues.

But if the Supreme Court threw out the Child Labor Law because it attempted, by indirection, to subject industry to federal control, what will it say about the constitutionality of the National Industrial Recovery Act?

Second, the Roosevelt program is built on the proposition that the Federal Government's control over industry must be complete. To be sure, Mr. Roosevelt talked graciously to the United States Chamber of Commerce about a "friendly partnership" between industry and the government, and the White House refers to the trade organizations in which the various units of American business are to be regimented as "voluntary associations." But if this is a partnership, it is one in which the Government retains all the voting stock. And if the submission of corporations to the rules laid down by the trade associations is voluntary, it is akin to forms of volunteering, not unknown in time of war, when the alternative is a firing squad. Let the President employ such pleasant words as he pleases; the fact is that under the new laws the Government will have the last word, and the deciding word, on the things that keep a business going or put it on the rocks.

And what has the Supreme Court had to say along *that* line? Plenty. It has, for example, formed an almost automatic reflex reaching for the Fifth and Fourteenth Amendments when cases involving industrial issues came before it, and Horatius never held a bridge with a more determined heroism than has the Court in maintaining that "freedom of contract" by which a Slovenian coal-shoveler has been protected in his right to make a free, independent, and (according to the Fourteenth Amendment) constitutional wage contract with the United States Steel Corporation. It is not so long, it should be remembered, since Congress, which acts as a city council for the national capital, enacted a minimum wage law for the District of Columbia. "Unconstitutional!" ruled the Supreme Court. "Denial of freedom of contract!"

But if a minimum wage law was unconstitutional in the District of Columbia, what will the Court say about a law that can be used to extend a minimum wage scale into every manufacturing plant in the nation?

And yet again, it is the contention of the Roosevelt program that henceforth government control of industry must not only be national in scope and complete within the industry, but it must be beyond challenge. It must have teeth in it. Hence the licensing provisions recently enacted. Be good, or we'll close you up! Government used to talk that way to saloon keepers, dance-hall proprietors, and the persons engaged in a few similar

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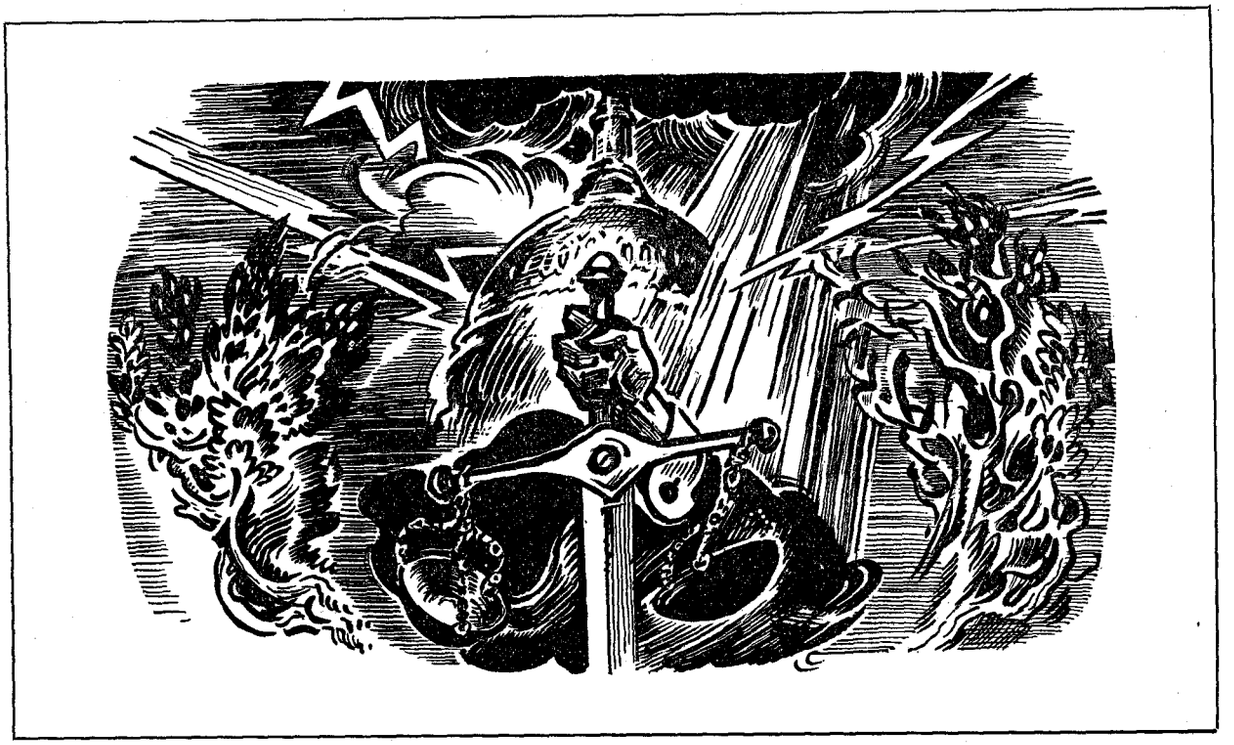

occupations. Now it talks that way to every business man in the United States. What will the Court have to say about that?

In guessing at the answer, consider again the Fifth and Fourteenth Amendments, with their guarantees of property rights, their "due process of law" clauses. Here, also, will be found a consistent line of Supreme Court decisions, all of them insisting that "due process" involves protection against the application of "unreasonable restrictions," and frequently finding such "unreasonable restrictions" where no one but a devotee of Adam Smith would ever have discovered them. Take, as a recent illustration, the decision rendered last year in the case of *New State Ice Company* v. *Ernest A. Liebman*, probably better known as the Oklahoma Ice Case. Oklahoma had declared the ice business a public utility, controlled by a state licensing system. The New State Company had secured a license (for which it had paid handsomely) and was conducting its business in accord with the "planned economy" devised by the state. Liebman crashed the gate. He sold ice without a license, he refused to acknowledge that the state had authority to keep him out of the business if he wanted to go into it, and when he carried his contention to the Supreme Court seven of the nine Justices there told him he was dead right! Exit the Oklahoma licensing system!

There are many facts about that Oklahoma Ice decision which would repay study if space were available. I cannot, however, refrain from quoting a few of the words of Justice Sutherland, since they deal with the one instance in which the Court may be said to have confronted modern proposals for social and economic planning. "The aim," said the learned Justice, in telling the commonwealth of Alfalfa Bill Murray where it got off, "is not to encourage competition, but to prevent it; not to regulate the business, but to preclude persons from engaging in it. There is no difference in principle between this case and the attempt of the dairyman under state authority to prevent another from keeping cows and selling milk on the ground that there are enough dairymen in the business; or to prevent a shoemaker from making or selling shoes because shoemakers already in that occupation can make and sell all the shoes that are needed."

Good old *laissez faire!* One must congratulate Justice Sutherland on putting the case clearly. But the fact is that the proposal which he pilloried as unconstitutional, is exactly the proposal that bitter experience has convinced the nation must be carried into

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effect, and that the system of industrial and agricultural control pushed through Congress by Mr. Roosevelt is planned to accomplish.

IV

DISPASSIONATE contemplation of the chances of the vital Roosevelt legislation when it comes before the Supreme Court leads to the conclusion that they are very slight indeed. About 2 to 7, if the division of the Court on the Oklahoma Ice Case is any criterion. Or if it is reasonable to hope that in this instance Justice Cardozo's philosophical interest in the law as a reflection of social change might swing another vote to the Brandeis-Stone minority, there still remain odds of 2 to 1 against an affirmative decision. About the only chance that the Administration has of overcoming these odds, so far as I can see, rests in insisting on the emergency nature of the legislation which it has enacted. (It is useless to speculate on changes in the Court's personnel. The oldest member is Brandeis.) Civil- and World-War precedents show that the Court will allow the other branches of the government to do, under war-time emergency conditions, some things otherwise forbidden.

Apparently, the Administration has recognized this, for it has done everything it could to present its program to court review under the guise of emergency legislation. The opening sections of the Agricultural and the National Industrial Recovery Acts specifically state that they have been enacted to deal with an emergency. And the latter law limits its operation, unless extended, to two years. With the former President, Mr. Hoover, on record to the effect that the nation, at the time of Mr. Roosevelt's election, was facing a crisis worse than war, with the new laws declaring that they are planned to cope with an emergency, and with a definite time limit set for their operation, there is at least a fighting chance that five of the members of the Supreme Court can be persuaded to take a lenient view, for the time being, of the implications of the Fourteenth Amendment.

The trouble is that, no matter what the new laws may say, the situation they are designed to produce is obviously not expected to be temporary, but permanent. The Agricultural Act, for instance, implies a complete reorganization of the farming population of the United States in co-operatives and similar bodies which shall virtually control the output and price of food products. Does any sane man believe that once such a system is operating, with the farmers getting what amounts to a guaranteed profit for their labors, that they will consent to its being junked as soon as the rural districts are back on their financial feet? The National Industrial Recovery Act likewise implies a system of trade arrangements under which efficient manufacturers will have something much like a guarantee against top-heavy inventories, unfair competition, labor troubles, and red ink. Is it reasonable to expect that once such a system is in force either industry or government will throw it away just because two years have passed?

I have yet to hear of a person "on the inside" at Washington who seriously regarded the National Industrial Recovery Act as a temporary measure. It is a measure formulated to put an end to *laissez faire* in this country, and to do that not only for the extent of the present crisis, but for good and all. The Justices of the Supreme Court are quite capable of perceiving this. If they do, to what degree will it affect their attitude toward the Administration's plea of emergency?

As a matter of unwelcome legal fact, it is not *certain* that even Mr. Justice Brandeis will uphold the constitutionality of a measure such as the National Industrial Recovery Act. There are many reasons for hoping that he will. But there is room for some doubt. In the Oklahoma Ice Case, Justice Brandeis did defend "the right of the people to meet changing economic conditions of the machine age by experimental state legislation," maintaining that "there must be some power in the states and nation to remold through experimentation our economic practices and institutions to meet changing needs." But a careful reading of his dissent in the Florida Chain Store Case (a case in which Justices Stone and Cardozo completed the three-vote minority, while Justice Roberts — sometimes suspected of liberal leanings — wrote the decision knocking out the attempt to tax the chains out of that state) will show that Justice Brandeis has a Jeffersonian conception of the states as the proper field for legislative and economic

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experimentation. Will even he be willing that such sweeping changes as the new Roosevelt laws contemplate shall be inaugurated on a federal basis?

Without pressing speculation too far, this, at least, may fairly be said: the chances are many that, along about next Christmas, the nation will wake up to discover that its Supreme Court has declared unconstitutional much that its Congress, laboring in special session under presidential direction, has done. Should that occur, what would happen?

The answer will depend on the success with which the Roosevelt legislation is functioning at the time of the Supreme Court decision. If six months' experience has proved that the schemes made into law during the recent special session are impracticable, then an adverse decision from the Supreme Court will come as an easy way out of a legislative and economic pitfall, and the Constitution will once more be hailed as the palladium of our liberties and the bulwark of our rights.

But the Roosevelt program may not prove impracticable. On the contrary, six months from now it may be showing great promise. It may be raising prices for the farmer, putting the unemployed back to work, increasing wages and the consumption of goods, bringing something approaching order into our economic chaos. It may be accomplishing just enough of this sort of thing by that time to hold out reasonable expectations of almost unlimited achievements in the future. Then what will happen if the legal basis for it all is demolished, and the Court rules that, under the Constitution, nothing but untrammeled individualism can be the rule of American business? I have no desire to over-sensationalize the prospect, but I cannot see anything ahead other than that, on the morning following such a decision, there would begin such an orgy of price-cutting, sweatshop-opening, wage-slashing, and market-swamping as would bring not a mere downward turn in another business cycle but a downward plunge off the economic cliffs. Once let such a national planned economy as is envisaged in the Roosevelt legislation get under way, and then let the Court turn it over to the mercy of the *laissez faire* wolves, and the industrial slaughter will be hideous to contemplate.

V

THE PROBLEM of the power wielded by the courts, and especially by the Supreme Court, has tormented the hopes of American liberals for decades. Even so essential a conservative as the elder Roosevelt was goaded by the actualities of our situation into espousing the recall of judicial decisions. Thanks mainly to John Marshall — who even in his own day upheld a philosophy of government which the nation had already outgrown — the Supreme Court has been the great joke which American democracy has played upon itself. It has been the means by which our past has kept its fingers crossed while pretending to arrange terms of surrender to our present and our future. Students of the American political scene, recognizing this, have given much thought to the discovery of a means of escape from the dilemma thus created. But if the Roosevelt laws actually set under motion the economic recovery which they seek, and are then thrown into the discard at the word of from five to nine men, the issue involved in the Court's power will cease to be one for academic discussion and will, overnight, become a fighting question in the arena of mass politics. For the question which the Supreme Court will be ruling on when the Roosevelt legislative program comes before it will not be merely a matter of constitutional precedent. It will be a question of jobs, of clothes on the wife's back, and food in the child's mouth.

Only once before has the Supreme Court passed on an issue which involved equally basic human issues. That case involved the right of a Negro, standing on free soil, to freedom. It involved also the right, by the time the Court got through with it, of people in free-soil states to protect themselves against the intrusion of slavery. Out of the Dred Scott decision came civil war. Who can see far enough into the future to tell what may happen — not only to Mr. Roosevelt and to his party's prospects, but to the nation — if now it should appear that an orderly, legislative attempt to assure jobs and food and shelter can, despite overwhelming public support, be frustrated at the word of a court interpreting a document that was written before the machine age began to dawn?

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THE AGE OF INSECURITY

1930–1990

BY H. G. WELLS

Assuming the rôle of historian in the twenty-first century, A. D., H. G. Wells writes about the dissolution of our present social system during the period from 1930 to 1990.

THE DISSOLUTIONS and regroupings of people that were going on through the post-war period have always attracted the attention of the social philosopher. The common man had lost his faith in a friendly God, his confidence in social justice, and his educational and social services. He was out of employment and stirred by unsatisfied appetites. The time-honored life of work and family interests had become impossible for a growing majority. What we now call social nucleation was failing; the grouping of human beings in families and working communities was not going on. They became restive and troublesome. The social confidence and discipline that had prevailed throughout the nineteenth century deteriorated very rapidly. There was a swift fall in social security.

In 1900, European society in particular was still nucleated about the family group in relation to a generally understood code of lawful behavior. In 1950 its individuals were either nucleated into gangs, groups, or societies, or dissolved into crowds, and the influence and pretence of any universally valid standard of good conduct had disappeared.

The rising systems of the middle twentieth century, whose appearance marked this progressive release of ordinary men from the restraints of a decent everyday life while betraying their profound need for association, must be summarized here very briefly.

II

ROBBERY IS the first great division of the catalogue of anti-social offences. Every efficient government in the past reserved to itself the sole right of dispossession, and every intelligent government exercised that right with extreme discretion. In the past of unregulated private ownership, the filching of portable objects and raids upon unguarded possessions were always going on. In Great Britain, in which country the highest levels of social order were attained during the First Age of General Prosperity, stealing (with which we may include various forms of embezzlement and fraud) remained at last the chief offence upon the list. Almost all the others had become exceptional. But whenever there was a dip in the common prosperity, more active methods of robbery appeared to supplement the ordinary theft. The snatcher began to take his chance with bags and watches. The enterprise of the burglar increased. Then came the simple holdup under threats, or robbery with assault. In a world of general confidence, unarmed and unaccompanied people were going about everywhere wearing valuable jewelry and carrying considerable sums of money. But that atmosphere of confidence could be rapidly chilled. Even in later nineteenth-century Britain there were epidemics of robbery by single men or by men in couples, the "garroters" of the sixties, for example, who assaulted suddenly from behind and seized the watch and pocketbook. They would clap a pitch plaster over their victims' mouth. There were brief phases when the suburban regions, even of London and Paris, became unsafe, and at no time were any but the more central regions of some of the great American cities secure. This kind of thing increased notably everywhere after the World War.

There were manifest limits to the holdup business. There had to be a general feeling of practical security for that type of robbery to prosper. There had to be people to rob. Robbery is an acute and not a chronic disease of

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communities. So soon as the footpad became too prevalent people ceased to carry so many valuables; they shunned lonely or dark streets and roads; they went about in company and began to bear arms. The epidemic of holdups passed its maximum and declined.

III

The criminally disposed soon learned the importance of association for the exploration of new lines of effort. With a more alert and defensive and less solitary type of victim, the casual criminal developed into the planning criminal. In every country multiplying nuclei of crime began to work out the problems of that terroristic gang discipline which is imperative upon those who combine to defy the law. In Europe, the intensifying tariff wars put an increasing premium upon the enterprise of the smuggler, and in smuggling enterprises men readily developed those furtive secret loyalties, those sub-laws of the underworld which proved so readily applicable to more aggressive efforts. In America, the repressive laws against alcohol had already created the necessary conditions for a similar morbid organization of gang systems, which had become readily confluent with the older associations for political corruption and terrorism. As the economic breakdown proceeded throughout the thirties and forties of the twentieth century, ordinary social security diminished even more rapidly in America than in Europe. But everywhere a parallel *dégringolade* was going on. Now it would be the criminal forces in one country, and now those in another which were leading in novel attacks upon the law-abiding citizen of the decaying order.

The holdup in force became bolder and more frequent. History repeated itself with variations. In the place of the highwayman of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries came the motor car bandit and the train robber. Trains de luxe were successfully held up by armed bands, first of all in Eastern Europe and America, and then very generally. These were operations involving the concerted action of a dozen men or more, who had to be sure of their "getaway" and with a market for their loot. Country houses and country clubs full of wealthy guests presently began to be attacked — the telephones cut and the whole place systematically looted. Restaurants, gambling clubs, and other resorts of people with full pocketbooks were also raided with increasing efficiency. Local banks and bank branches became insecure. Until the nineteen thirties a town bank had a large, open, handsome office with swinging doors, low counters, and glass partitions. Ten years later the face of the bank had changed: the clerks were protected by steel defences; they were armed with revolvers; and they parleyed with the customer through small pigeonholes that could be promptly closed.

This change in the scale and quality of aggressive crime was reflected in public manners and display. The wearing of jewelry, gold watch-chains, expensive studs, and such-like challenges to poverty declined; costume became more "buttoned up" and restrained. Hip-pocket weapons spread from America to Europe. Women's dress and ornaments, though if anything they improved in their artistic quality, diminished in intrinsic value. Everywhere there was a diminution of social ostentation. Houses with narrow exterior windows, and well equipped with steel doors, locks, bolts, and bars, were preferred to those candidly exposed to sunlight and exterior observation. The window displays of the town shops became more guarded.

The need for protection and the dread of conspicuousness affected automobile design. The common automobile of the middle twentieth century was a sullen-looking, pugnacious beast. And its occupants were in harmony with it. Before the World War, the spectacle of a broken-down vehicle or any such trouble by the wayside would induce almost any passing car to stop and offer assistance. Under the new conditions people feared a decoy. They would refuse to stop after twilight and even in the daytime they sometimes hurried on, though injured, or apparently injured, people might be lying by the roadside.

Travel diminished very rapidly under such conditions. There is some difficulty about the statistics, but between 1928 and 1938 the number of pleasure travelers upon the roads and railways of continental Europe fell by something over, rather than under, eighty per cent. There were of course other causes at work besides the general insecurity of movement in

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producing this decline; there was a general impoverishment, also, which disposed people to stay at home. But the major factor was insecurity.

The roads were less and less frequented as they became unsafe. Many fell out of repair and the old road signs and petrol pumps, now dear to our school museum collectors, vanished one by one from the landscape.

IV

Improvements in robbery were only one group of the criminal developments in progress. A much more distressful aspect was the organization of terroristic blackmail, at first directed against individuals and then against whole classes in the community. Here again American inventiveness and enterprise led the world. By imperceptible degrees the ordinary prosperous citizen found his life enmeshed in a tangle of threats and vague anxieties. Even during the prosperous period there had been an element of menace in the lives of the American well-to-do; their securities had never been quite secure and their positions never perfectly stable. But now, over and above the ever increasing instability of possessions and income, came the increasing need to buy off molestation. Breaking through the now inadequate protection of the police, appeared silently and grimly, and more and more openly, the blackmailer, the kidnaper, and the gang terrorist.

A particularly cruel form of attack upon unprotected private people was the threatening and kidnaping of young children. It had a minor grotesque side in the stealing and ransoming of pet animals. Many hundreds of children had been stolen, hidden away, and brought back for reward before the abduction and murder of the child of Colonel Lindbergh, a long-distance aviator very popular in America, called general attention to this increasing nuisance. Nothing effective, however, was done to control these practices, and, in the bad years that followed 1930, kidnaping and the threat of kidnaping increased very greatly and spread to the old world. It was organized. Men and women were spirited away, intimidated by threats of torture, held captive. If the pursuit was pressed too hard, they disappeared and were heard of no more. Assassinations multiplied. Bodies of men set themselves up almost without concealment, under such names as Citizens' Protection Societies, or Civil Order Associations. The man who wanted to be left alone in peace was pressed to pay his tribute to the gang, or he would *not* be left in peace. And even if his particular "protectors" left him in peace, there might still be other gangs about, for whom they disavowed responsibility and with whom he had to make a separate deal.

It was not merely the well-to-do who were worried and levied upon in this fashion. An increasing proportion of minor workers and traders found it necessary to pay a percentage of their gains or earnings to escape systematic persecution. "Trouble" was the characteristic American word. "You don't want to have trouble," said the blackmailer, gently, but insistently.

The new generation grew up into a world of secret compromises and underhand surrenders. The common man picked his way discreetly through a world of possible trouble. No one dared live who was not a member (and servant) of a union of some kind. It was a return to very ancient conditions, conditions that had prevailed for ages in China, for instance, and in Sicily and Southern Italy. But it was a relapse from the freedom and confidence of the better days at the close of the nineteenth century. It was a contraction of everyday human happiness.

Kidnaping was not confined to kidnaping for ransom. There had always been a certain irrepressible trade in the beguiling and stealing of young persons for sexual prostitution and this also increased again. Workers also were kidnaped, and intimidation of workers in factories became bolder and less formally legal. There was a great release of violence in personal quarrels, and, in particular, crimes of revenge multiplied. In a phase of dwindling confidence and happiness, people of spirit no longer recoiled from the tragic ending of oppressive situations. They took the law into their own hands. They began to fight and kill, and they were no longer inevitably overtaken by the law.

The remaining rich, the financial adventurers who still appeared, the prominent political leaders, the transitory "kings" of the underworld, all surrounded themselves with bodyguards. Types recalling the hired "bravos" of

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the Italian cities of the later Middle Ages and the Samurai of the Japanese noblemen reappeared as the hefty private attendants of the wealthier Americans. After the economic slump had fairly set in, the posse of needy retainers became a universal practice with all who could afford it.

No man or woman or child that "mattered" went about "unshadowed" after 1940. After the middle nineteenth century, women had made great advances towards personal freedom. About 1912 a pretty girl in her teens might have taken a knapsack and marched off alone through the northern states of Europe or America in perfect safety, unmolested. All this freedom vanished during the age of insecurity. Women ceased to go about without an escort, even in the towns. It was not until 2014 that there was any real return toward the former common liberties of the young and weak and gentle. There was on the part of women, as the novels of the time reveal, a survival of social fear in human life, the fear of going alone, until the middle of the twenty-first century.

After 1945 a fresh aspect of insecurity appears in the records. There is mention of unsafe roadside hotels, and a great increase not simply of streets, but of whole districts and villages where "things happened," people disappeared, and it was inadvisable for strangers to go. Some of these criminally infected areas did not recover their reputations for three quarters of a century.

V

The psychology of the twentieth-century policeman has been made the subject of a whole group of historical studies. There was no connection in those days between the policeman and either the educational or medical services. This association, which appears so inevitable to us to-day, would have seemed insane to the organizers of the first police forces in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. The policeman, for them, was to be an animated barrier and signpost, capable of leaping into action at the sight of assault, petty larceny, or unseemly behavior. Beyond that, very little initiative was expected from him. He took into custody people who were "given in charge." Above him were officers, usually of a different class, and associated with the force was a group of criminal inquiry experts, who were quite capable of handling most of the offences against the law that prevailed in the era before the extensive introduction of rapid transit, power machinery, and mass production. This pattern of police force worked fairly well up to the beginning of the twentieth century. Except in districts where sexual prostitution was rife, it remained fairly honest. It maintained a fairly high level of liberty, security of property, and social order for a century. Only when the control of morals or political intervention was thrust upon it did it prove unequal to the strain.

And then as the greater community of the World State began to struggle clumsily and painfully out of traditional forms, we see police control again outpaced by its task. It gives way. "Why," the student asks, "was this police organization unable to keep pace with the new stresses? Why were the ruling people of that time so incapable of fitting it to the new demands upon it?" We have already indicated the main lines of the answer. Just when the need for a fundamental refashioning of the police of the world was becoming urgent, came also, first, that exacerbation of international hostilities, or "secret service" and espionage, to render any broad international handling of the problem impossible, secondly, that desperately foolish sacrifice of life to the creditor which seems to be the inevitable conclusion of any social system based on sequisition.

The Profit-Capitalist System was absolutely incapable of controlling the unemployment it had evoked and the belligerence it stimulated. It stagnated on its hoards. It fought against inflation and it fought against taxation. The nightmare of Repudiation became a delirium. Private Capitalism died frothing Economies at the mouth. It put its politicians into a hopeless quandary. If only their budgets were balanced, it did not seem to matter at last to these poor driven men whatever else became unbalanced. They piled up dangers and destroyed their defences. They killed the schools on which public acquiescence rested. Impartially they restricted employment and the relief of the unemployed. Even on this plain issue of their police protection they economized. Impossible, they said, to plan a new police when we cannot even pay for the police we have.

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And so the desperate fight of an essentially nineteenth-century pattern of police organization, under-financed, inadequately equipped, divided up, controlled by small-scale, antiquated national or parochial authorities, in many cases tainted by corruption, against the monstrous forces of disorganization released by the irregular hypertrophies to social development, was added to the other conflicts of that distressful age.

In spite of a notable amount of corruption and actual descents into criminality, the general will of most of the police forces seems to have remained sound. Most, but not all. Most of the organizations did keep up a fight for order, even when they were in a process of dissolution. They did keep up their traditional war against crime. In some instances, very stoutly. But their methods underwent a considerable degeneration, which was shared, and shared for the same reason, by the criminal law of the period. Police and prosecutor both felt that the dice were loaded against them, that they were battling against unfair odds. Their war against crime became a feud. It grew less and less like a serene control, and more and more like a gang conflict. They were working in an atmosphere in which witnesses were easily intimidated and local sympathy more often than not against the law. This led to an increasing unscrupulousness on their part in the tendering and treatment of evidence. In many cases (see Aubrey Wilkinson's *The Natural History of the Police Frame-Up*, 1991) enormous odds, did go very far toward a revival of torture against those they believed to be social dangers. It is a difficult as well as an ugly task to disentangle this story now, but sufficient fact emerges to show us that in the general decay of behavior that was going on, not merely casual blows and roughness of handling, but the systematic exhaustion, pestering, ill-treatment, and actual torment of persons under arrest in order to extort confessions and incriminating statements, became prevalent.

VI

THE DEMORALIZATION of the world's sea life, thanks to the surviving vestiges of naval power, was far less rapid and complete than the spread of disorder on the land. It was only after the series of naval mutinies, towards the end of the last European war, that the ancient practice of piracy was resumed. Even then ships could still be policed and a recalcitrant ship brought to book much more easily than the black streets of a town. One or two pleasure liners were boarded and held up in out-of-the-way ports in the thirties, but in no case did the assailants get away with their plunder. One Canadian pleasure liner, *The King of the Atlantic*, was seized on the high seas by an armed gang in 1939, and an attempt was made to hold its passengers for ransom. They were all to be killed if the pursuit was pressed home. In the face, however, of a combined attack by the American sea and air forces, at that time still efficient, though greatly in arrears with their pay, the hearts of the gangsters failed them, and they surrendered ignominiously.

No ship of over nine thousand tons was ever captured by pirates. This relative maintenance of orderliness at sea was due to special conditions; the then recent discovery of radio communication, for example. It outlasted the practical cessation of shipbuilding in the forties and an immense shrinkage in the world's shipping.

Nor did new types of criminals appear in the air until after the third European conflict, and then not overwhelmingly. Here again was a field of human activity, essentially simple and controllable. For a time, indeed, the aeroplane was the safest as well as the swiftest method of getting about the world. For some years after the practical cessation of general land travel, the infrequent aviator still hummed across the sky, over dangerous cities and deserted highroads, over ruined country houses and abandoned cultivations, recalling the memory of former disciplines and the promise of an orderly future. There were fewer aeroplanes just as there were fewer ships, and, because of the general discouragement of enterprise, there was little change of type, yet the skies, like the high seas, remained practically outside the range of the general social debacle until well past the middle of the century. The need for aerodromes, for repairing and fueling, held the dwindling body of aviators together. Air outrages at the worst phase were still scattered and disconnected events. And it was in the air at last and along the air routes that the sword of a new order reappeared.

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A MINISTER'S DAY

BY CHARLES J. DUTTON

If you ever had to do a hard day's work . . .
—Any Man to His Minister

The bark of the dog awoke me. Turning in the bed I noticed the eager look of the Airedale. Seeing I was awake he trotted across the floor, pausing at the door. For a second I was angry. Then came the shrilling of the telephone; whenever it rang the dog searched the house for someone to answer.

The first thought was — "Let it ring." (The clock on the stand showed only six-thirty.) The idea was dismissed. If you happen to be the minister of the only liberal church in a large city, you remember that your phone rings at all hours. It must always be answered.

The telephone was in the study — the most inaccessible place in the house. Half asleep, I took the receiver from the hook. A man's voice answered:

"Doctor," he laughed, "it's early, but I have to leave the city. Don't forget you speak to the Rotary Club at noon."

I uttered some reply. The engagement was in my book; there was not a chance in the world to forget it. There were things I wished to say . . . my profession forbade them. I hung up.

It was early. Perhaps I had best go back to bed. Then I remembered. At the outrageous hour of eight o'clock I was to speak to the State Library staff. In a weak moment I had consented to talk to them about modern mystery stories. (Though a clergyman, I have published thirteen mystery novels.)

To go back to bed would be absurd. Stepping to the door, I picked up the morning paper. All went well until my eyes fell upon an account of my sermon of the day before:

"Minister Says It's Time Insurance Companies Discovered the Meaning of Honesty."

I live in the second largest insurance city in the world, and many officials from the larger companies attend my church. I had not uttered the words in the headline. The sermon had been entitled: "Some Old Virtues We Still Need," and I had mentioned that much of the success of insurance companies had been due to their business ethics — and honesty. . . .

At quarter of eight I drove the car from the garage. The Library was at the other end of the city. At just eight o'clock I entered the building, and in three minutes I was facing fourteen women and one very bored, sleepy man.

As a result of hundreds of speeches to clubs of all sorts, I hold the belief America is being slowly talked to death — I faced the librarians with the thought that over two hundred clubs

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in my city heard a speech at least once a week. It made me a little depressed, as I started my own talk.

I knew most of the group: two came to my church, all read my yarns. Why should they want me to talk about books they had read? I did not know. But for thirty minutes I did my best. Then it was time to rush to my church office for a nine o'clock appointment.

II

THE TELEPHONE was ringing when I entered the study — an angry voice came over the wire — "What did you mean by saying insurance companies are dishonest?" It was the vice-president of a small insurance company. I assured him the paper had misquoted me, suggested he call the vice-president of the largest company in the city, who had heard my sermon. With that the conversation ended.

Before I could turn away, the phone rang again. This time it was the head of the advertising club, informing me that I had been chosen one of three judges in a poster contest. Would I be at a certain store Wednesday evening, at eight o'clock? There were only about a thousand posters to be judged. . . . You say yes to these things — mostly because you must.

Mail was on the desk, but it was not the moment to glance at it. Slow, hesitating footsteps could be heard approaching. There came into the study an old man, his beard long and white, his clothes shabby. It was no one I had ever seen. Bringing forth the easiest chair, I waited for him to speak.

He did so with a little hesitancy. He had come from a nearby town, with a request. When he died — would I come and bury him? There was no liberal clergyman in the town, and as all his life he had been an agnostic, he had worried as to what might be said over his body. The request was not unusual. I remembered there were half a dozen persons in various parts of the country whom I had promised to bury.

In the fifteen minutes after my visitor left, the phone rang four times. Would I speak to the Central High School on Friday? A woman sailing for Europe wanted a list of books to read on the boat. "Not light books or serious books," she pleaded. "You know what I would like." Mentioning ten books, I shut off the rather impulsive thanks. A salesman wished to sell me a car. Last, a woman inquired whether the sermon of two weeks ago had been printed.

It was a quarter to ten — time to glance at the mail, before going to a wedding. (The wedding puzzled me. Sunday evening I had been asked — over the phone — if I would marry a couple the next day. The voice, slow, uninspired, had had difficulty in framing its request. "The girl is sick," I was told, "but the wedding will be at her house." I had said yes — and wondered since.)

There was the usual Monday morning mail. Seven book catalogues were placed to one side. Six magazines joined them. That left the letters. There were the advertising appeals from firms carrying raincoats, furnaces, denicotinized tobacco, automobiles, suits — a colored school in Alabama asked for funds, and a book club for memberships. Upton Sinclair sent his usual circular, stating that his latest book was "the outstanding masterpiece of our time." That left the serious mail.

I knew what the first letter contained before opening it. Every Monday morning for three years someone had written me saying "the spirit of God moves me to tell you — you are damned." The letters were unsigned. The next envelope contained one sentence: "I wish to thank you for the sermon of yesterday" — over the signature of a leading lawyer. The next said just the opposite: a woman wrote — "Your sermon yesterday was Godless, irreverent — such thinking will lead young people astray." It was signed by the leader of a rabid reform group. Discarding the page, I wondered what she had been doing in my church.

A request for an autograph from a fifteen-year-old girl followed a plea that I send the writer a poem I had read at a funeral two weeks before. (I had forgotten the poem.) Two committees mentioned their monthly meetings, a college boy asked for an interview on choosing a vocation. The birth control organization wrote asking that I secure names for a petition. I was invited to join one society "whose aims are to save the world by prayer," and another implored me to help "drive the demon nicotine from our state." (The last

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reminded me I had not had time for my morning smoke.)

III

A SOUND at the door caused me to turn. The young man who stood there might have been twenty-one — no older. A tall young man, in a cheap, unpressed suit. Could this be the individual I had promised to marry? I learned it was. The wedding license was in order — there was nothing to do but rise and follow him to the open air.

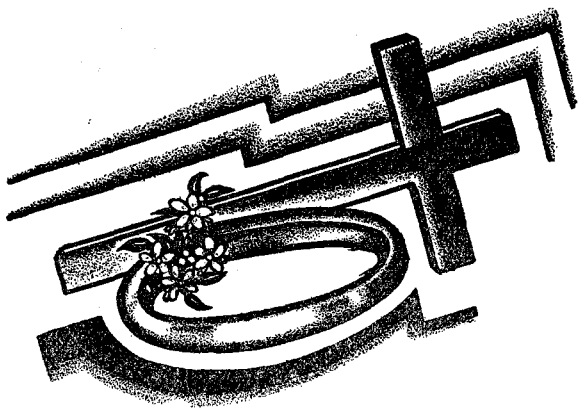
He had suggested that he call for me, as I did not know the address. The car was a battered Ford, its sides stained with rust, one fender missing. I climbed into the front seat (one sat in it cautiously, as the springs were showing). As we started off I sought a little more information:

"The girl you are to marry is ill," I said. The remark brought nothing beyond a nod. I tried again:

"I suppose it's not contagious?"

Silence — then — "No, I guess not. She had a baby last night."

I blinked. There were, now, other things to discover. Was he being forced into the wedding? If not, why had they waited? It was difficult to secure any real information; but in the end I was assured that he had not known she was to have a child, and that her parents were not — as he put it — "mad at her."



It was a problem for a sociologist. I said nothing.

We stopped before a little house, its sides covered with tin, standing close to the railroad tracks. I had never before been in this section of the city. There were four rooms in the house, and four people crowded into a space not more than twelve feet square. The parents of the two I was to marry were dressed in their pathetic best. Stolid, unemotional, they scarcely spoke. In a moment I knew why I had been asked to perform the ceremony. Three other clergymen — when they discovered the circumstances — had refused. . . .

I asked to see the bride, and was taken into a small bedroom. There, her baby beside her, lay a girl of perhaps eighteen. Ignorant, illiterate, there was yet something of beauty in the way she looked at her child. With the family around the bed I married the couple (there was no fee, of course), then asked to be taken at once back to the church. I had an appointment at eleven. . . .

IV

THIS APPOINTMENT was with people whom I liked. A mother entered the study with her married daughter. People of breeding and culture, yet with a problem which respects neither of these qualities. They wished my advice. Should the daughter divorce her husband?

Her story was a common one. The girl had eloped at college — the romance was over. I knew the husband. In temperament and breeding there was nothing in common — there was little chance for adjustment. For an hour we discussed the case. My philosophy is that life should give some measure of happiness. When they rose to go at twelve, I had advised that she get her divorce. But — at the door — I warned her to remember one thing. If she remarried, she must not allow her emotions to run away with her intelligence.

The telephone rang four times during the hour. First: a reminder the children of the Sunday School were having a party Saturday. Second: one of my parishioners would be going to the hospital in the afternoon. Third: the dreary, whining voice of a neurotic woman, complaining she had been insulted because another woman in the church had not invited her to a card party. I tried to smooth this over (knowing it could not be done). The last call was different. A boy wanted a dog — I promised to find him one.

It was just twelve when I lighted a cigar, remembering the letters still unread. The first was from my father and mother. The next held

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a check from a literary agent. These read, it was time to go to the club where I was to speak. As I started to rise, the phone shrilled again.

It was a quiet, friendly voice that came over the wire. I had a secretary whose real duty was research for the biography I was writing. She mentioned three new books, told of letters she had written, spoke of data ready to be checked upon the biography, called my attention to two magazine articles. When she rang off I hastened down to the hotel for lunch.

There were about sixty at this lunch — the majority coming in after we sat down. The meal was the usual one — seemingly set aside for dinner clubs. Everything was covered with a heavy sauce; the usual red dressing hid the salad.

The business was rushed through — the usual number called by their first names — and it was time for me to speak. But there rose to his feet the president of one of our closed banks. He had a word to say. It opened with the usual aside in my direction — "The minister will not mind my taking some of his time. He is, of course, not a business man and —"

How many times have I heard that expression. The man was the head of a bank closed for unintelligent management. No other bank in our city had sold as many unsound securities to widows and estates. But — he must make the usual remark about my lack of business ability (which, by the way, is not so bad).

The moment for my speech finally came. Only twenty minutes remained. I rose and looked into the sixty bored faces. I had published a biography a year before. It dealt with the leper colony on Molokai. For twenty minutes I tried to picture the horrors of leprosy, the self-sacrifice of the well-known martyrs — Father Damien and Brother Joseph. How much of a success the speech was may be inferred from the remark of a lawyer as we left the hotel:

"I think those two men were fools to spend their lives in that leper colony. What was there in it for them?"

V

As I walked back to the church study, I dreaded the coming interview. Because of my technical knowledge of abnormal psychology, certain types of mental cases are sent to me. The woman I was going to see had been talking of committing suicide. I was to discover why. As there was a funeral to attend at three, I realized my chance of helping her was slight.

She was waiting in the study. A woman of thirty-five, with a misshapen body, squinting eyes, and a speech deformity. At the age of fifteen an illness had left her half deaf, partially blind, and with an impediment in her speech. The psychological result was not difficult to understand. Ashamed of her deformities she had withdrawn from society. Now the repressions of years were breaking through.

What could one say to her in forty-five minutes? As she was intelligent, I told her simply that all her troubles were traceable to her childhood illness: that there was but one cure — to forget herself, turn to books, go to the movies, break through the shyness of years and appear in public places. A psychiatrist, after weeks of treatment, might give this woman a different attitude toward life. When she left I doubted if I had greatly helped her.

Home, now, driving fast. Just time to change my clothes for the funeral. There was no one in the house except the dog. On the desk was a slip of paper, giving the gist of six telephone calls: "Remember you are to speak at the Woman's Club Wednesday — Mrs. ——'s cat is sick, I said take it to the hospital — Mrs. ——'s daughter eloped last night, better not call there today — Your secretary has the books you want — I turned down an invitation for dinner tonight at Mrs. ——'s — College of Pharmacy wants you to give commencement address — Dinner is at six."

The funeral was at our large funeral home (why they call it a "home" I have never determined). The woman I was to bury had been one of the outstanding women of the city. After a life devoted to good causes, she had suffered a long and painful illness. Death must have been a welcome guest. I knew the family felt so. The room was filled with the leading people of the city. Before a casket banked with flowers, the simple, ancient words were read — also a few poems. But at the close, I was startled by the soloist's voice beginning — "When you come to the end of a perfect day. . . ." Somehow it did not seem ap-

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propriate. Days later I discovered she had been buried on the anniversary of her wedding day. The song had been sung at her marriage — she had asked that it be sung at her burial.

VI

It was after four when I came back from the cemetery. (Some day we will be civilized enough never to have a committal ceremony at a grave.) Passing the hospital, I found there was time for three brief calls. The first was upon a woman who had been in the hospital for six weeks. She was recovering, and her disposition was far from sweet. My coming was an opportunity to voice all her complaints against her husband. I listened — though, knowing her overworked husband, my sympathies were all with him.

On the next floor I found a white-haired lady of seventy-five propped up in bed, reading a gay-covered French novel. She greeted me with a smile, dropped the book on the bed, said: "Tell me all the news." She was to die soon. The fact was known to her, and she met it as she had met all things in life: with courage, good humor, and a little quizzical smile upon her lips. I spoke of many things. Her illness was not mentioned. It was she who, when I rose to leave, quoted Plato — "We go our ways — I to die, and you to live. Which is better God only knows."

I went to the children's floor. Why is it children in a hospital seem to bear pain better than their elders? My patient, a small, gold-haired lady of five, leaped up and down upon her bed and inquired about my dog, Trouble. For thirty minutes I told her stories of the Airedale, who, before I left the room, had become a much glorified animal.

When I was only five blocks from home, some inner warning caused me to turn the car and drive down a side street. I had no reason for doing so, for it was the home of a family with whom I kept in close touch, and I had heard nothing out of the way. But these warnings come — sometimes.

(My acquaintance dated back two years — to a night, at midnight, when a man lay dying in a hospital. I had never seen the family before. There were five children — all girls — and a worn-out mother. After the father's death I found work for the mother.)

I entered the little house — to discover the mother in bed. The five girls — the oldest fifteen — were playing unconcernedly. One glance at the woman, and my hand shot out to feel of her flushed face. It burned like fire. Speech was almost impossible. This woman was ill, and it looked like pneumonia. There was but one thing to do — send her to the hospital and make arrangements to care for the children.

The doctor I called was a friend: he promised to be right over, and to engage a room at the hospital. Three women were dialed, the circumstances explained, and each agreed to take one of the girls. A fourth offered to come at once and accompany the sick woman to the hospital. When she came, taking the two younger children with me, I went out to the car and started home.

My wife was home, and welcomed the children. I was late, and dinner ready. Their presence caused the conversation at the table to be rather guarded, but we managed to make the children laugh.

It was after seven when the meal ended. I hastened to bathe and change my clothes. I was to introduce Count von Luckner at a lecture, and must get into a dinner jacket. It would be the second time in the past ten months that I had introduced the friendly German seaman.

At eight-fifteen I stepped upon the stage to face a thousand people. Behind me came the heavy, lumbering frame of the Count, his round face set in a wide smile. A few words, and I sat back to watch him do his act. For two hours the skillful Count played out his story. There was to be a dinner after the lecture. I had made an excuse. Leaving the Count surrounded by admirers, I stepped down from the stage, and walked out to my car.

VII

I was not fated to enter the machine. As I reached it a voice halted me — that of a lawyer friend, whom I both admired and respected. With the lecture crowd pouring by on the sidewalk, he spoke to me of his son. The father wanted him to go to college — the son had run away from preparatory school. It was a common problem. I had heard it often from parents who have money, whose chil-

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dren's every wish has been gratified. Each case is an individual one. But I knew this boy. There was nothing the matter with his mind, or habits. It was simply that he was not the type to go to college — books would never interest him. I advised his father to get him work for the summer. In the fall, if he still rebelled at school, let him continue.

It was ten minutes of twelve when I put the car into the garage. All was dark in the house, only the Airedale greeted me. With a sigh, I sank into a chair in the study. Then I noticed — propped upon the typewriter — a note which read:

"St. Mary's Hospital called at eleven-fifteen. Mr. White's son injured in an accident. Cannot live more than an hour. They want you to come at once."

I knew this family well; every clergyman, every social worker in the city knew them. For years they had lived, rather well, off the sympathy and money of a charitable community.

Sighing, I rose, hastened upstairs, and changed my clothes. (I could not go to the hospital in the dinner suit.) Dressed, I hastened out to the garage, the dog at my heels. The car was driven out, the door held open for the Airedale so that he could take his place beside me, and we started down the lighted street together.

At the hospital I was directed to the second floor, and a half-opened door. Save for the gentle tapping of a shade against the open window it was still. The young man had died two minutes before.

What can one say at such a time? Words, even the best, are empty things — at times the most useless things in the universe. Whatever my feelings about the father's character, they vanished as I tried to console him. Raising — at last — his white face, he asked me if I would go to the house and tell his wife. . . . It was the hardest task the day had brought to me.

I walked out of the room, and down the wide stairway to the first floor. At the entrance of the hospital I met a friend. It is true he seemed a little damaged, and the white bandage over his head gave his red face a rakish look. He shrugged his shoulders, then laughed. I could tell he had been drinking.

"Just a bit of an accident, Doc," he grinned. "Celebrating a business deal. If you ever had to work a little, you'd feel like celebrating once in a while."

I wondered what he thought I could have been doing in the hospital at one o'clock in the morning. . . .

There were five miles to drive. The last two were along the lake. I stopped at last before a little house, ablaze with light. I could see women sitting in a front room. I dreaded my task, but when I stepped into the cheap little parlor it was not necessary to say a word. One dazed look from the mother, and, as I slowly nodded, she gave a sudden cry — and the next moment she fainted.

VIII

It was after two when I left. We drove very slowly back to the city. My mind was a tangle of tired thoughts. All day long I had been running around. Into that day had been crowded life and death, love and hate, heroism and cowardice. There had been a few moments of glory, followed by many of disaster. But it was life — and life is neither tragedy nor comedy alone. In it all I had played some little part. But I wondered — was my profession of any real value?

I was tired when I entered the house. Dropping into a chair, my eyes traveled over the room. In the bookcases around the walls were all the wisdom and genius of man's thinking. . . . Even as I thought this, there came the sharp, shrill ring of the phone. . . . It made me shudder.

Day in, day out, that phone rings constantly. As the hand reaches for the receiver, one never knows what one may hear. All sorts and kinds of absurdities, hopes, fears come over that wire. I rose and picked up the receiver. For a moment there came no reply — then a very sleepy voice drawled — "Number?"

"My phone rang."

"Excuse me, please, wrong number," was the reply. . . .

The receiver went back upon the hook. I stared at the clock. Three minutes past three. The dog brushed against my leg — as I looked down he yawned. It was good advice. I was sleepy also.

Time to call it a day.

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SWEDEN'S MANAGED CURRENCY

BY CHARLES T. HALLINAN

In a world of crashing currencies and of general hullabaloo, it is refreshing to watch Sweden.

Gad, there's a country for you! A land of sobriety and brains.

Without any fuss, and with strangely little public notice outside the banking and economic journals, Sweden has been trying a bold experiment in this depression, and doing it single-handed.

For twenty months she has been fighting this world-wide and catastrophic decline in prices by "managing" her own supply of currency and credit, and she has almost completely succeeded.

She has achieved this, not by recklessly printing money, for she dislikes inflation, but soberly, cautiously, following to the best of her ability the lines laid down by the modern economists.

In short, despite the difficulties of the hour, she has been doing for twenty months what we ourselves have now set out to do. At the World Economic Conference in London the Swedish delegates were dragged from one hotel bedroom to another with their charts. "Tell us how you did it."

Now, please don't turn away. I know that the very words "monetary" and "currency" depress you, but really this Swedish experiment has all the qualities of a good Swedish film — it is artistic, it is *different*, and it is not hard to understand. Not really.

And I can't help reflecting that if we immensely clever Americans had succeeded in 1932 in doing what Sweden was then doing, our farmers and railroads and bankers would be solvent to-day.

II

But the easiest way to visualize Sweden's achievement, without wading through a perfect maze of figures, is to notice the zigzag lines on the chart on page 160. Those lines show, over the past two years and six months (down through the first four months of Mr. Roosevelt's administration), how *wholesale prices*, as measured by government indices, have been moving in Sweden, in Great Britain, and in the United States.

"Wholesale prices" may sound a bit dull, but of course they are — as we all know now — extraordinarily important; they touch the lives of everybody — farmers, miners, manufacturers, and wage-earners everywhere.

Naturally you will notice first our own apparently hopeless slide downhill, through "bottom" after "bottom," until in the end our banking system all but crumpled up.

Notice, please, that the Hoover Moratorium on War Debts merely arrested the decline for a brief period. Then on it went, inexorably, forcing mortgages into default, spreading bankruptcy and unemployment. That is what Mr. Roosevelt has in mind when he says that something much, much bigger than War Debts has the world in its grip. (Incidentally, you will perceive that the Moratorium, though hailed with enthusiasm in Great Britain, had no effect upon British prices; they continued falling.)

Our next big step was the almost frantic launching of the $2,000,000,000 Reconstruction Finance Corporation. As for the Hawley-Smoot Tariff of June, 1930, which — we were told — was going to help the "primary producers" — well, comment more pointed than the chart's is beyond me.

Now, whatever it was which gripped us in 1931 also gripped Great Britain and Sweden; throughout the greater part of that year their wholesale prices fell steadily, keeping step with ours and similarly spreading unemployment.

Then in September, 1931, Great Britain

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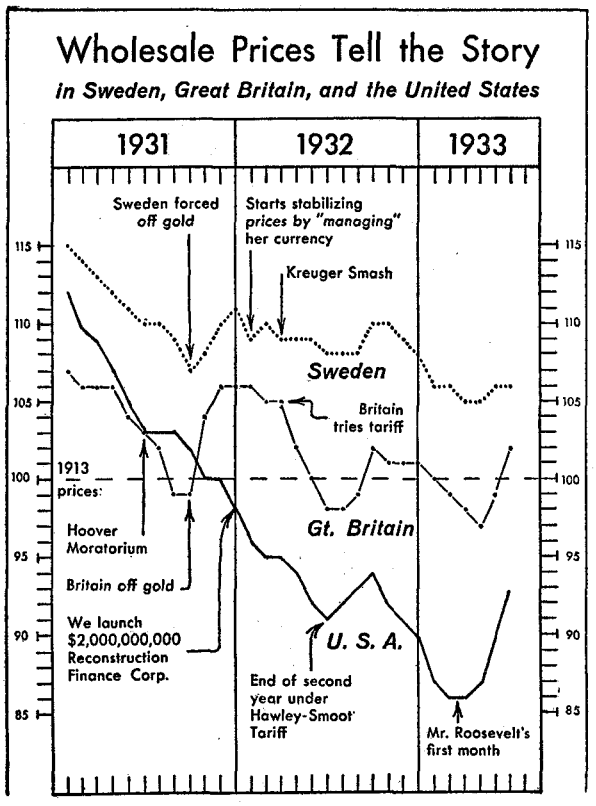

The course of the three zigzag lines shows how wholesale commodity prices — grain, cotton, metals, etc. — have been tending in the three different countries. The figures up and down the right- and left-hand sides show, for any given month, how the average price of these commodities during that month compares with the average price for the whole year 1913. (1913=100.) For example, the American average in January, 1931, at the left-hand side, was 112, meaning that our average price was 12 per cent higher than in 1913. (The American index numbers are those of the U. S. Department of Labor, and cover 784 different commodities. The Swedish numbers are those of the Swedish Board of Trade, and the British, those of the British Board of Trade. All these numbers are based on the same year — 1913.)

"went off gold," and the pound sterling became a paper pound abroad, its value in other currencies determined hourly and daily by the balance between the payments which Englishmen had to make abroad and those which foreigners had to make to London. Her wholesale prices, now measured by a cheaper paper pound, rose accordingly but not, as you will perceive, for very long. They began sliding.

In a sense, she let them slide. The authorities stated that in their opinion the "price level" was something so mysterious in its movements that it could not be "managed." Mr. Keynes, the economist, wrote persuasively to *The Times*, contending that this was not so and that the "price level" was so tremendous a factor in the national welfare that every effort should be made to stabilize it and gradually to work it upwards. But he was ignored. Both the authorities and the general public were absorbed in watching the fluctuations of the international value of the pound. The latter became a patriotic symbol. When the pound, measured in dollars, rose from $3.40 to $3.45, Englishmen were pleased; when it fell from $3.45 to $3.40, they looked grave. If it fell from $3.40 to $3.30, they got the jitters.

This preoccupation with the foreign value of a currency is largely due to the newspapers. It gives economists a pain in the neck, but all countries, when they "abandon gold," become patriotically obsessed with the fluctuation of their currency in other countries.

III

Now we turn to Sweden. She was forced off gold immediately after Great Britain. The Swedish krona, when backed by gold, was worth 26.8 cents in New York — it could buy that much American wheat or cotton. But when it was no longer exchangeable for gold, it fell to 18 cents. Prices within Sweden, now measured by the cheaper paper krona, rose spiritedly, to the great pleasure of speculators.

But the Swedish public was of two minds about it. The steady fall in prices had certainly created unemployment, and it was a relief to see the downward movement reversed. But the prospects of an *unrestrained* rise in prices gave them pause. They had had two good doses of soaring paper prices, during the war and right afterwards, with wages forever lagging behind; thoughts of a third experience made them uneasy.

At this juncture, when the rise in prices was beginning to peter out in December, 1931, a man, sitting at one end of the directors' table in a big Stockholm bank, surveyed his colleagues and summed up the discussion:

"Very well, gentlemen, we'll try it."

And the next day the Swedish newspapers carried the official announcement that the Riksbank (or central bank, corresponding to our Federal Reserve Board) had, with the consent of the Government, decided to let the international value of the krona — in London and New York and elsewhere — take care of itself and to concentrate all of its financial and

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technical resources on keeping Swedish prices *stable* and under full control.

Does that seem to you rather flat? Like an anticlimax? You should have seen the stir it created in banking circles all over the world. Banking experts said, in effect, "Hell's bells, who is that man?"

IV

"THAT MAN" is Ivar Rooth, Governor of the Swedish Riksbank. At forty-five he is one of the youngest of the governors of the various European central banks.

He is a practical banker; he received his training in Sweden's bank, the Handelsbank (or Bank of Commerce) with some 270 branches, and he learned a lot more in steering a Swedish "land bank" through a heartbreaking period. He is rather studious; before the war he used to contribute rather solid studies of Swedish banking to the very solid German banking journals. His attitude, I suspect, is that banking is a "profession" and not a "business." At any rate, when he was appointed Governor of the Riksbank in 1929, the choice seemed to be a popular one. His co-directors, appointed by Parliament, include one Conservative, one Liberal, and two Social-Democrats; but the Governor, a Liberal, seems to have no political difficulties in working with them.

But that decision of his in December, 1931, startled bankers everywhere for a variety of reasons, but principally because bankers do not believe that a central bank or other monetary authority *can* stabilize prices. This was, in fact, the answer made by our own Federal Reserve authorities in 1926, when Congress debated the passage of a bill compelling the Board to so adjust its operations as to keep prices steady. They said, in effect, that it was about all they could do to regulate the supply of bank credit with an eye to general business conditions. Even the simplest moves they made produced, often, very unexpected results. Psychological factors were difficult.

And yet here was the Governor of the Swedish Riksbank proposing to try it, not secretly, so that his eventual discomfiture would be hidden, but openly.

Bankers were interested, and bank statisticians everywhere got orders to watch it. Swedish economists, like Professor Cassel and Professor Ohlin, got innumerable letters asking for details.

V

NOW, PLEASE glance again at the chart. Notice the astonishing steadiness displayed throughout the Kreuger smash. That smash was a devastating experience for Sweden; it certainly wiped out "buying power" right and left. Our own stock market panic in October, 1929, started our wholesale prices downward in headlong fashion. True, we were "tied to gold," and our prices were, in a sense, "world prices," exposed to the steady worsening of world trade, whereas Swedish prices were not "tied to gold" at the time of the Kreuger smash. Still, it was a remarkable feat.

How did he do it? By using the ordinary technique of his job but *using it with an eye to the price level*. He had one new gadget, evolved for him by the bank's statistician — a sensitive weekly index of "Swedish buying power." It covered all classes, and the data were drawn from all parts of the country. (Our own gifted Carl Snyder, Chief Statistician of the Federal Reserve Board, has a somewhat similar index.) This index showed the Governor of the Riksbank the first sign of weakness, the first sign of shrinking buying power, and like a man in the switch tower, he pulled this lever or that, and watched the effect. All in the day's work. Once he intervened and asked the commercial banks to go slow in advancing money to customers for the import of luxuries — it was balling things up. Another time he decided that the competition between the commercial banks and the savings banks, for savings deposits, was disturbing the monetary machine and he asked them to get together. He watched the foreign exchange market closely and intervened from time to time, not to "defend" the international "prestige" of the krona, but to keep the fluctuations of that symbol from disturbing Swedish prices.

But you will also notice from the chart that during some four or five months in 1933 he had a tough time. Things were slipping on him a little. In a sense, I am not sorry, for I have no desire to present to you a miracle worker, a medicine man. That is too easy. No, what

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makes this Swedish attempt profoundly interesting is that it is being managed by a practical banker using the ordinary tools of his job. And whatever happened at the World Conference in London, all monetary authorities will find themselves commissioned, presently, to attempt the same task. The day of "automatic" currency systems is past.

VI

HAS THIS policy of stabilizing Swedish prices paid? Enormously! There is simply no comparison between farming, business, and banking conditions in Sweden and those in the United States. Here is one little item, easy to remember: If we take the physical output of goods in Sweden in 1928 (a good year) as equal to 100, then their production of goods in 1932 was 96, a decline of only 4 per cent! Great Britain's volume of production, similarly calculated, was 89, a decline of 11 per cent. Ours last year was 57, a decline of 43 per cent. For the entire Western world, including Japan but excluding Soviet Russia, the 1932 volume was only 67, a drop from 1928 of 33 per cent. Against Sweden's 4 per cent!

Well, now that we are "off" the gold standard, can we, through our Federal Reserve Board, do the same thing? Can we control this mysterious monetary machinery the same way?

On paper, our monetary authorities have remarkable powers; the display of levers in the Federal Reserve Board's switch tower in Washington makes a brave show, the envy of monetary experts. Mr. Rooth's display is by no means so impressive.

But Swedish banking is *cohesive*, and that is important. When Mr. Rooth moves the interest rate up or down, or intervenes in the foreign exchange market, he can count on the result going pretty nearly out to the tip of the Swedish banking system. For one thing, he is dealing through strong banks — you can't start a bank in Sweden without a capital of at least $134,000. We gaily launch national banks, with the power of issuing their own notes, on a capital of only $25,000, and we charter state banks with as little as $5,000.* To "manage" a currency system through a banking system of our type would, I suspect, make Mr. Rooth positively ill.

Not only do we Americans seem to insist on having as many weak banks as possible, but we glory in a banking structure so varied and ramshackle that the result of any given action by the monetary authorities is all but unpredictable. For example, some years back, Washington decided that business was contracting and that bank credit ought to be liberalized to offset it. So they pulled a lever, marked "bank credit" and set a couple of other levers at "moderate" and began to watch car-loadings and various other gadgets which would tell them that "business was picking up."

What happened? Car-loadings refused to improve, but all over the country the doors of savings banks silently opened, and there flowed out rivulets of savings which joined and sped southeastward and swelled to a torrent, until they overwhelmed and churned up the fair State of Florida in the Florida Boom. The Federal Reserve Board was in consternation. What, in Heaven's name, had gone wrong with the switches?

I don't know what conclusion the Board's experts reached, but I do know that the Florida Boom lies like a fallen log across our path if we are to "manage" our currency. The theory that price levels can be controlled independently of the gold standard has made enormous strides during the past ten years, but if you turn to the chief exponents of that view, to economists like Mr. J. M. Keynes or Mr. R. G. Hawtrey, you will notice a curious thing — that the words "savings" and "investments" seem to appear on almost every page. You conclude, correctly, that the "management" of a currency on scientific lines somehow includes a very exact knowledge, day by day, of what "savings" and "investments" are doing to the price level.

Now, from the standpoint of these economists, the only trouble with our system of savings is that our savings banks are a darned sight too polite. When you put money in an American savings bank, you mentally reserve the right to draw it out, in whole or in part, whenever you please. It is only a checking

*EDITOR'S NOTE: — *The Glass Banking Act improves this situation a little. It provides a minimum capital of $50,000 for national banks in cities up to 6,000 population; the minimum is $100,000 in cities up to 50,000 population, and above that the minimum is $200,000. But state banks are unaffected by this.*

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account, one step removed; it is scarcely more formidable than a safety deposit vault.

But, broadly speaking, savings in Europe are real savings. The most popular form of savings account in Sweden is one they call the "capital" account. You get the best rate of interest on it, but you can't withdraw it under four months' notice! But you have a wide choice in Sweden — you can put your money into a "two-months' notice" account or into a "spare cash account," which has a low rate of interest. In Switzerland you take any sum you have accumulated and go to your bank and buy what they call one of the bank's debentures. That is merely a certificate stating that you have loaned the bank $110.50 for six months at such and such a rate of interest. If the bank should fail, your debenture ranks ahead of the claims of the ordinary depositor, and of course you get a good rate of interest. But you can't "cash" that debenture until the period is up. If one of the Alps loses its chin, rumbling and tearing down into a valley, the Swiss run for their lives but they don't run for their money.

In short, and with minor exceptions, "savings" in Europe function the way they are supposed to, whereas with us they are extremely volatile. I am grossly exaggerating when I say this but I do it in order to make my point clear: roughly speaking, a "boom" of any sort in Europe is limited by the amount of the "spare cash" of the community; whereas with us it can, within 30 days, make enormous draughts on our savings deposits. Our savings have a larger proportion of TNT than is altogether safe for us.

Now, we need a banking investigation, not to see how many bankers we can send to jail, but to see what steps are necessary to build up a responsive and cohesive system. That investigation ought to be in the hands, not of Congress which has neither the time nor the patience for such a survey, but of the ablest non-political commission we can get together. Something like the Macmillan Commission in England. Really it will be a tragedy if we miss this chance to overhaul our entire country-wide machinery of bank credit. The data that such a survey would secure would be simply invaluable to the future "managers" of our currency. That commission will study especially our curious susceptibility to "booms."

VII

MANY YEARS ago, a charming Swedish girl taught me a word I have never forgotten. It is a word peculiar to the Swedish tongue, with no exact equivalent in English, in German, or in French. That word is *lagom* and it means, either as an adjective or an adverb, "not too much."

A curious word for the Swedes to have evolved. They are one of the most vital and vivid races in Europe, with many extravagant sides. When Swedes decide to "throw a party," they throw something that has both mass and velocity. Count Keyserling, discussing the Swedish girl, reminds us that the author of the *Niebelungen Lied* was describing a Swedish lady when he sang:

> She took up nail and hammer
> And hung him on the wall.

I'll say she did, but the word she taught me was *lagom* — "not too much"! What a word! But the secret of modern Sweden is that over very large areas of life they spread *lagom*, a sense of "not too much," an instinct for balance and proportion.

Swedish politics is completely colored by *lagom*. Speeches in Parliament are short and to the point, for Swedes are bored by long and pretentious speeches. Swedish Communists, ardent and two-fisted, have been expelled from the fold by Moscow because they said that a future Swedish Soviet, modeled slavishly on Moscow, would be silly. Stockholm is the only capital in the world in which the well-to-do classes have larger families than the poor — a superb example of *lagom* which pleases everybody. And Swedish banking is profoundly colored by it; when any competitive tendency threatens to go too far, some Swede always gets up and says the magic word.

Well, there's nobody like a convert, of course, but I must say that delightful girl taught me more than she guessed. And what cheers me moderately in 1933 is the feeling that perhaps we'll come through this grueling test with a truer feeling for *lagom*, a stronger instinct for it, than we have ever had before. For it remains true that we cannot manage our currency without managing ourselves.

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SUDDEN DEATH

A Short Story

BY JANET CURREN OWEN

I SAT, SCREWING up my face, looking at the sentence. She danced into the room. Her square brown toes turned in a little as they lightly touched the floor; her lovely slender brown legs seemed subtly to control them by hidden and perfectly contrived springs.

But I hardly glanced up.

"Well," she said, "I suppose you went to the park yesterday?"

"No," I discouragingly muttered.

Her pale golden brows flew up, winglike, striating the creamy forehead.

"Oh, but you must say *yes*, you *did*! We're playing it that way."

"Only I don't feel like playing."

"Well you see, you don't have to play bery *much*. You're a lady looking at a piece of paper. That's all right, isn't it? And if I come to bisit you?"

Her tongue sped, airily ignoring the v. I made no objection but looked squarely into her face and saw the clear eyes lighted and then saw them deliberately darkened. I saw the self-conscious veil of sorrow laid over the gayety which was too bright for utter veiling.

"Well," she said, superfluously rolling her tongue, "my daughter died yesterday."

"Oh?"

"Yes, she died. She didn't think she was going to die at all. It was quite a surprise. I went to see her, and my grandfather opened the door. 'Well,' he said, 'she's dead.' And there I'd gone to see her and everything. Silly, wasn't it?"

There was a long pause.

"And what do you think she died from?" she continued brightly. "She cut her arm open, her whole arm wide open. She should have gone to the hospital, but she didn't think she had enough money. And then I guess she was too stupid to go. So she thought, well, there's nothing to do but die. She died in bed."

Without seeming to I saw the square-tipped, brown finger, with a pink bulbous projection curving out above the closely, evenly bitten nail, slip toward, hover about the corner of a mouth smooth and red as a ripe tomato. When I turned my head fully it was as though the finger had not played there, so swiftly did it dance away, smooth a pleat, pompously give the skirt an unnecessary little flip.

She half-turned on one heel.

"Well—" she said, with an air of finality. "Oh!" she cried. "I went to the cemetery, of course. You ought to see the crowds and *crowds* of people there—flowers, and the man who takes care of the cemetery, you know. Just everybody there!" she squealed excitedly. "Some people fainted and some people cried—Just like a—I didn't faint."

"I feel awfully bad about it," she added matter-of-factly.

"I should think you would feel bad," I said angrily. "Your own daughter."

She looked reflectively back at me, and for a moment I saw the gayety shine all around the edges of her sadness, but I continued to frown.

She was definitely leaving. I saw her go, eccentrically stepping, marking out the patterns in the rugs. Her soft hair flopped up and down, and occasionally the straight-falling pleats of her dress met the curve of her body so that one could know how it was strong and sinuous within the cocoon of starched cotton.

"I had a bery nice time," she said, hurriedly flirting with the v.

"Good-bye," I called, mollified.

She was back in a moment, but it was not the same one. It was another, teetering and dancing still on her toes, but direct. Her self looked eagerly out.

"Mother," she said quickly, "what's the name of the automobile you ride in when

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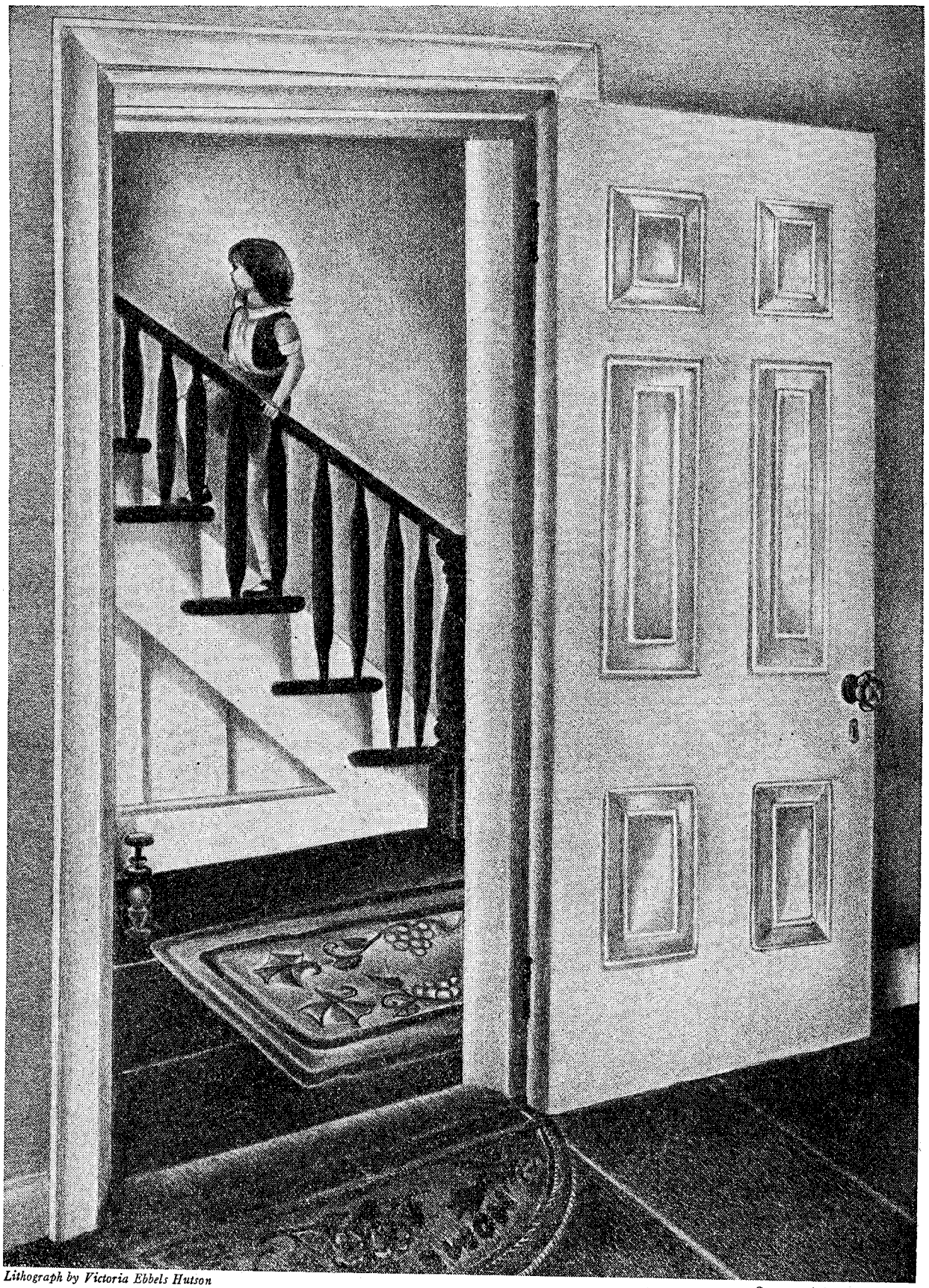

Lithograph by Victoria Ebbels Hutson

Courtesy of the Weyhe Gallery

you're dead? Like the one I saw, with all the little silk window curtains, *you* know."

"Do you mean a hearse?"

I heard her saying the word as she went away.

"Hearse, hearse," she whispered in the hall.

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MY MOTHER-IN-LAW LIVES WITH US

ANONYMOUS

HAVING MY husband's widowed mother live in our home is one of the adjustments we have had to make in meeting the depression. Until two years ago her income had been sufficient to enable her to maintain her own establishment. But passed dividends, deflated stocks and bonds, and unrented but taxed properties melted down the infallible little brick house of securities built up for the independence of her old age and reduced her income to the point where it was just enough to meet her small personal wants.

Our relationship — mother, son, wife, and grandchildren — was genuinely affectionate. From babyhood my children really loved their grandmother.

My husband is an only child, so it was his, and, consequently, our problem to decide how best to deal with this situation. There were just two courses we could follow: we could take my mother-in-law into our home, or we could defray the expenses of her own establishment.

The former decision we knew would mean a sacrifice to some degree in the intimacy and harmony of our family circle. My husband is a physician with an established practice, and, while collections are slow and our income is not as large as it was four years ago, we have not had to give up any of the really important phases in our pattern of living. However, choosing the second course would have meant paring our budget on the only place possible to lop off enough money to meet the need — the education of our children.

We did not hesitate to choose the course calling for human adjustments. We knew that we should have to give up a certain esoteric pleasure in our own little group. We knew that for my husband's mother the decision would mean a very real hardship, because, from the outset, the burden of fitting-in would have to be hers. This is a difficult, a hard thing for a woman of seventy-three, and yet we could not, in fairness, have our children yield the equipment they are acquiring for their venture into this changing world in favor of the peace and serenity of an elderly woman. Our older son has finished his third year in college. Next year he starts his last lap of undergraduate work and he plans for a three-year law course following this. Our daughter, next September, begins her sophomore year at college. Our younger son is just fourteen.

Before my mother-in-law came to live with us, I had put in twenty-three years establishing and building up the type of home and environment I believed desirable for myself and my family. My home and my three children were what I had to show for my life at forty-five. We had an agreeable, spirited, and closely knit family life, but we left room for individualism, provided it didn't express itself in lack of decent consideration for other members of the group. It was a place maintained for two parents and three children. We took the attitude that our home was for the children only temporarily, but, while they were in it, it was absolutely for them to use. My husband and I required no implicit obedience and quaking respect from our children, but we did strive for honor, courtesy, and co-operation. On the whole, I think we got them.

REACHING AN AGREEMENT

IT WOULD not be easy to transplant any woman of seventy-three into such soil as ours. In the case of my mother-in-law it has been quite difficult. She has convictions. I suppose she is a little the same type for her generation that I am for mine. She expresses herself in W. C. T. U. work, church activities, and a woman's club. She considers herself quite modern in her points of view, because she does not believe in whipping children and because

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she countenances divorce and, in certain highly justifiable instances, even remarriage! But, of course, to her Russia is "the red menace" and birth control is nothing to be referred to openly, although, frankly, I suspect that her convictions on the latter subject are in the affirmative in certain specific cases.

Now, when we decided that she was to come to live in our home, I suddenly realized that my mother-in-law really didn't know me and my children. I doubted that she even knew my husband, because she still looked upon him as the young man who had left her roof twenty-three years ago, without taking into account the growth and development of those intervening years. As an absentee mother, mother-in-law, and grandmother, she was quite pleased with us. It is so easy and so smooth at Thanksgiving visits to fail to mention undiplomatic subjects, to repress disagreements, to avoid anything controversial, in short, to present a front of Victorian politeness. The children, for a day's duration, would instinctively show her an extreme respect and consideration that delighted her, but that I knew would disappear very quickly in daily contact.

In fact, had we tried to treat her constantly as we did on our exchange of visits, it would have meant putting an antimacassar on every personality in the family, discarding most of our friends, and folding up the last twenty-three years and packing them away in lavender. This my husband and I would not ask of ourselves, and it was useless to ask it of our children. It would have been a feat impossible of achievement for them.

When my husband and I discussed the situation, we agreed whole-heartedly that we should keep our home primarily for our own family. We thought that in a general way his mother should understand before she came to us that she would find our home a quite different establishment from the home over which she had presided, and that, while she was entirely welcome to be with us, she could not expect to remold our lives according to her ideas.

At first the tactful course appeared to be to have my husband talk all this over with her. But I have always had a horror of a daughter-in-law relationship in which the husband is the go-between. We, therefore, made this preliminary conference a threesome, instead of a twosome. I am profoundly glad that we did. It set a precedent, and in various disagreeable matters that have had to be taken up I have not played the rôle of the wife who waits for her husband to come downstairs from his mother's room and demands "Did you tell her this?" and "What did she say about so-and-so?"

This preparatory statement of policy didn't iron out every difficulty of my mother-in-law's relations with me. Perhaps from her side of the fence it wasn't particularly helpful. We have had the usual criticism of the wife, both unspoken and outspoken, at times, on her part; we have had the usual coldnesses, the times when she has been deeply hurt. But at least I have had the satisfaction of knowing that I made my position clear from the start, and, more important still, my mother-in-law isn't able to drape her son with maternal pity and treat him as you-poor-abused-boy.

Grandmother's Guests

On one phase of our living together we had no clear understanding before we began our venture, and it is the problem that has caused us more difficulty, more hurt, more awkwardness than anything else. This is the question of the extent to which my husband's mother's social life and our own social life shall be mutual. However cruel it may sound, from my own experience I should say that, wherever the mother-in-law is geographically situated so that she can maintain connections with her own friends, her social life should be almost entirely divorced from that of her son's family.

The physical accommodations of our home are those of the usual comfortable, middle-class American family. Our downstairs contains the family rooms, and upstairs we have bedrooms for the family, and a guest room. I preferred to give my mother-in-law the guest room and never have overnight guests in our home, rather than to ask Ted, then nineteen, to share his room with Peter, only twelve. But, unfortunately, we had no space for a separate sitting room for her, and that left her entertaining, as well as our own, to be done in the family living room.

The suburb in which we live is within easy reach of the suburb where my mother-in-law had her home for years. I am very glad my mother-in-law has this proximity to her former

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life, because it makes it possible for her to attend her own church, to go to the meetings of her own club, and to visit her old friends frequently. However, it also encouraged an influx of elderly wives, widows, and spinsters into my living room in the afternoon and evening.

And how they do visit! Nor is their zeal for inspection much less keen. Picture our living room in the evening with three or four of them sitting about and Sally and Ted and their friends also holding forth. At first the young people were courteous and thoughtful toward Grandmother and her friends, but the newness of the situation soon wore off, and the youngsters got tired of their audience and took a rather defiant attitude and, consequently, appeared at their worst. The old ladies were grimly tenacious. Wouldn't you think youth would win? It didn't. It became awkward and self-conscious and raucous. Old age, with ample material for disapproval, would subside into a Flinch game. It had conquered.

We seldom entertain guests at meals. This is one of my husband's mother's favorite forms of hospitality. Especially is it extended to remote family connections. Third Cousin Lydia and old Mrs. Foster can prove a very definite barrier to self-expression at our dinner table.

It soon became apparent that the constant presence of Grandmother's guests was substantially altering our family life. The children were just gradually ceasing to invite their friends to our home. Our dinner table was no longer a place for recounting the day's experience and for spirited discussion of the thousand and one ideas that had imposed themselves on the children since dinner the evening before.

A Room of Her Own

We held a family conclave, Grandmother not included, and decided, much as we disliked such a move, that the only possible way out of our difficulty would be for Peter to share Ted's room and to turn Peter's room into a sitting room for Grandmother. This with the understanding that she would entertain her guests there and there only, and that she would use her sitting room when we were entertaining our guests downstairs. So far as the dinners were concerned, we agreed that we couldn't have Grandmother's guests present evening after evening. We proposed to settle this trouble by naming one evening every fortnight when she could invite guests to dinner. We had a mutual understanding that when her guests came we were to relinquish our own dinner-table topics and make ourselves as agreeable as possible to Grandmother's friends.

The scene in which my husband and I explained this plan to his mother was an extremely painful one. She was frightfully hurt. She did not want to be excluded from our family life; she wanted to be one of the family. There was no way to answer her reproaches, except a very selfish one. It was true that my husband had had unlimited use of her home for years, but, nevertheless, we wanted to keep intact that which we had built.

I felt a tremendous personal sympathy for her, because I am sure that at the end of that scene she had the feeling that she was just an old, useless person. It was utterly impossible for us to make her see that we cared a tap for her. She could not take the point of view that we really wanted her to have her own social life, as undisturbed as possible, and that we wished the same thing for ourselves.

However, the upstairs sitting room was inaugurated. She furnished it with some of her own things she had in storage. We put a radio up there and electric facilities for making tea and coffee. Above us the Flinch games go on undisturbed, and the radio is turned on loud enough for slightly deafened ears to hear the programs. I honestly believe that my mother-in-law and her friends are having a great deal more actual enjoyment out of their evenings together than they did when they spent them in our living room. But of course they all resent not being able to satisfy their curiosity as to our family life. This is a particularly sore spot with distant relatives who occasionally come to see her.

Had this sitting room been part of the original plan when she came to us, I am sure it would have been an altogether happy arrangement. As it is, my mother-in-law has never ceased to show some hurt about it. There is always a touchy moment when she tells Mary that she is going to have guests that evening and to show them upstairs as soon as they come.

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Sharing Pleasures

My husband and I enjoy going to concerts and the theatre together. Sometimes in the afternoon I had taken the children to such entertainments, but in the evening my husband and I never took a third person with us. My mother-in-law greatly enjoys music. She is physically quite able to go without escort to concerts in the afternoon. We were really reluctant to bring her into something we had made exclusively ours, and yet we could see that her beloved Schubert's *Unfinished Symphony* and Beethoven's *Pastorale* would bring her only a diluted joy if she had to go off to hear them alone in the afternoon. So we bought her a season's ticket, and she goes regularly with us.

I'm very glad we did this. It gives an additional bond to my relationship with her. She and I find that we can get much pleasure from the same music. Her tastes were a little less modern than mine when first we started the concert-going trio. I could see that she was inclined to doubt the genuineness of my love for César Franck's *Quintette in A Minor*, for instance. But she was willing to give it a chance. So we got the gramophone records of the composition and played them over and over together until she was thoroughly familiar with the quintet's unusual harmonies. She capitulated with a gusto. We've done the same thing with a number of other modern compositions that we've heard together at the concerts — Ravel's *Valse Suite* and some of Stravinsky. I get much pleasure from this, and my mother-in-law is fairly delighted at increasing her scope in musical appreciation.

Grandmother Criticizes the Children

I think it is fairly easy for a grandmother to adjust herself to her son's children if she lives in the house with them when they are babies. She becomes so fond of them as babies that she adjusts her old-fashioned ideas of conduct to their modern ways as they grow up. But my mother-in-law came into a home of ready-made children and she found many things to horrify her. She is shocked because there is no compulsory church attendance in our family. Every Sunday morning before she starts off for church she takes an embarrassing census of the family churchgoers. It works. By unspoken agreement, letting out Peter, we four adults try to have one of our number ready to accompany her nearly every Sunday morning.

Sally smokes cigarettes. Her grandmother has edged a little away from the opinion that a cigarette-smoking woman is a harlot, but she still disapproves of girls' smoking. When Sally used to go with us to her grandmother's home, it was without any suggestion on my part that my daughter refrained from smoking. She simply found it more polite to do so. But Sally would object strenuously to being told that now that Grandmother is living here there can be no more cigarette-smoking in our house. Sally's cigarettes are just a detail, but they are just one of the many details that go to make up the sum of the attitude of young people to-day. So I have asked Sally for courtesy and reasonable consideration, to go a little easy on the cigarettes when her grandmother is around.

Grandmother is pretty outspoken to me in her criticism of Sally's freedom. Toward Sally herself she wavers between grim and silent disapproval and extreme curiosity. When Sally returns to the dinner table after a telephone conversation in the hall, Grandmother never fails to ask if there's a date that night and, if so, with whom. It has taken not a little private insistence on my part to show Sally that her grandmother isn't in any way interfering with the dates and that a civil answer to the annoying question isn't going to detract from the good time later in the evening.

Ted, too, comes in for his grandmother's criticism. She is genuinely shaken by the boy's advanced ideas. They cause her real distress and she views Ted as a decidedly dangerous person. But, in this instance, she blames Ted's college more than his parents.

The Financial Situation

Financially, our situation with my mother-in-law is quite pleasant. She has enough money to buy her clothes and supply her personal needs and pay for her own amusements. Of course she pays nothing into the upkeep of our household. There is no feeling that she should help with the housework in return for her board, because my home is so simply managed and run that our one maid is able to do practically everything without assistance.

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I believe my mother-in-law is not made to feel her financial obligation to us. I hope this is entirely true. However, if she had to ask us directly for money to satisfy her small wants, I think it would hurt her pride. I have often thought that if her financial situation should come to grief that it would be kindest to settle the matter through a regular, stated allowance from my husband. I think no woman should receive money directly from her son's wife, and I think it unfeeling to make it necessary for her to request small sums from her son.

A Considerate Understanding

I have stressed the fact that we allow for individual personalities in our family, that we rather pride ourselves on this. Our children are particularly delighted with their own freedom from imposed standardization. And yet, last week Sally came to me with a dreadful complaint.

"Mother, what are you going to do about that outrageous hat Grandmother just bought?" she demanded. "You simply can't let her wear it. I wish you'd go shopping with her and see that she buys the right things."

For the moment I feared for the girl's sense of humor. "She wishes I'd go shopping with you and see that you don't get backless bathing suits," I replied.

To my relief Sally saw the point and laughed.

No, I shall not go shopping with my mother-in-law. She isn't feeble-minded, and I know she has had to yield her stand in so many large things in living with my family that I want her to be independent in every way possible. The hat is pretty bad. It's a rather giddy, flirtatious model, utterly incongruous with the appearance of the wearer. I don't know how my mother-in-law happened to buy it, but every time she goes out wearing that hat she gives me a very genuine pleasure. I feel that her personality is not entirely submerged by her life with us.

I haven't discussed the husband-wife-mother triangle, because for me it simply does not exist. In a normal, well-balanced family I hardly see how a wife can be jealous of her husband's affections for his mother. A man should love his mother; he should love his wife, but they are two different kinds of love and not, to my mind, comparable and open to jealousy. I can understand somewhat the mother's jealousy of the wife. The mother is older, possibly inclined to feel a hurt where none is intended, and she may interpret the closed corporation of husband and wife as forgetfulness of the mother.

But I feel only that my husband built up his youth with his mother and his adult and established life with me. He and his mother have something in common into which I cannot enter.

Perhaps such an attitude is hard to prove. I try to demonstrate it in little ways. My husband often goes to his mother's room in the evening and has visits alone with her. I don't interrupt them. Even if he stays there sometimes beyond an hour when we are supposed to be starting to keep an engagement, I don't call him away. I have been late to a number of things in my life and I can't name any dire tragedy that resulted from a ten-minute delay in reaching a friend's home.

The children, I am sure, have not really suffered from having my mother-in-law with us. I am home during the day and, of course, I get the many niggling and annoying details of the association. But, since I know that her remarks and caustic comments are not going to make me alter my ways in anything I consider important, it would be small indeed of me if I were unable to deal with petty matters tactfully and to avoid bickering with her.

The member of our family who has really suffered in this association is my husband. He knows his mother's situation is far from comfortable mentally. He understands her hurt feeling when friends come in for the evening and she departs for her upstairs sitting room. He knows that she actively disapproves of the way his children have been brought up. I am sure she speaks very bitterly to him during some of those visits he pays to her room. And because he loves his mother, he regrets deeply that the situation is as it is. I know that he sees no satisfactory solution of the problem from his mother's side, for he would be utterly unwilling to assume an attitude that took his home from his wife and children and gave it over to his mother.

I think that as mothers-in-law living with married sons go, we have managed a relationship in our home that makes the situation tolerable. I believe it can never be ideal.

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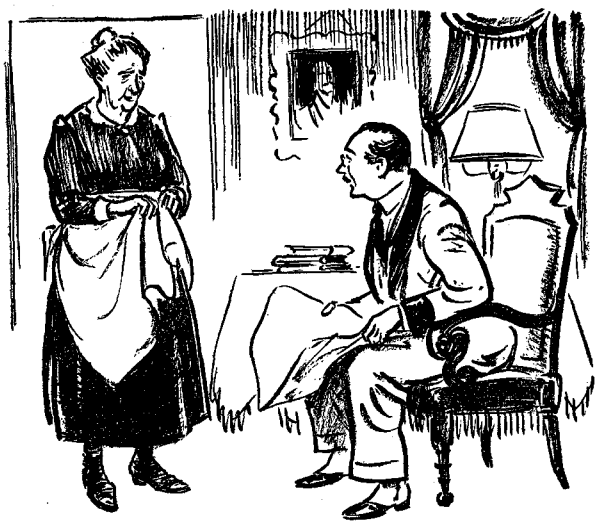
A BOUQUET FOR HITLER

BY WILLIAM C. WHITE



Drawings by Kenneth Chamberlain

MARIA IS THE cook for my friend Stimlin at his apartment in that quiet part of Berlin, *In den Zelten*. As a cook she is an artist but, like all such artists, her work brings her no name-credit, no "by-line." Cooks are always the most anonymous of creators. One night or seven nights each week, Stimlin might invite friends to dinner, sure, without a second thought, that everything would be perfect. He took the perfection for granted, thinking no more of it or of its creator. Occasionally a guest might ask, "Who's your cook?" "A Bavarian woman," was his answer, stating as fact what should really have been said as a proud boast.

Each morning Stimlin told Maria his wishes for the day. He entertained frequently and he liked elaborate dishes. Except for these few minutes of conversation daily, he never saw her. Even when talking to her he seldom noticed her as a person. If asked, he would have found difficulty in describing her appearance to friends, other than to say, "She's a middle-aged woman, red-faced, with large hands and feet. She always wears black."

Then, abruptly, came a month when Maria's art seemed to have left her. Stimlin noticed it at one dinner after another. He meant to say something to her but, being easy-going and thinking it only temporary, he put it off.

He called her one morning, to tell her of a dinner that he wished served on the following evening. He was going to speak to her, too, about the burned meats and the corduroy sauces of the past weeks.

She came into his study bashfully, awkwardly, as if fearing reproach. She was a woman of fifty, from some town near Munich. A thousand sunny days in the hop fields on the hillsides near her village had reddened her face. Years spent in the kitchen had fired the color into permanence. At first glance she seemed all hands and feet, for they were constantly in motion. She wore a wedding ring on one hand, but of a husband she had never spoken.

A look of dismay passed over her face when Stimlin spoke of dinner on the morrow.

"*Ja, gewiss, Herr*," she said but her voice faltered. "For twelve people again, *nicht wahr?* But — "

"But what, Maria?"

"Pardon it that I ask. It is very rude. I should not do it. But could *der Herr* possibly postpone that dinner for a day?"

Then, appalled that the request was worded and spoken, she would have run from the study had Stimlin not smiled. He was about to ask for an explanation when he noticed for the first time a little gold swastika pin on her black frock.

"I would not ask, but tomorrow night Adolf Hitler speaks at the Sports Palast. I have a ticket, most fortunately. I have never heard him."

That seemed sufficient reason for asking for a postponement of the dinner. Stimlin was suddenly made conscious that his cook had a

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life outside his kitchen, and a life, and a personality perhaps, of which he knew nothing.

"I didn't know that you were interested in politics, Maria."

"No sir, I'm not. But Adolf Hitler —! You are a foreigner and perhaps you would not understand. Four weeks ago I first went to one of the National Socialist meetings —"

(It was four weeks ago that the food had suddenly become bad, Stimlin said to himself.)

"— I heard things there of which I had long dreamed, but which I thought our German people had forgotten. And there were young men there, many of them like my son."

"I did not know that you had a son, Maria."

"I had a son, once. These young men were like my son would have been. He was killed in the war. And my husband, too. And these young men who follow Hitler, in their brown uniforms, they were talking about the kind of Germany my son and husband would have liked to have seen, the kind they thought they were fighting for. They would have been ashamed of the Germany that came out of the war, the Republic. And I have been glad they were dead, these past fifteen years. I have lived through it, through the dirt, the scandal, the democracy. Everybody equal —! *Quatsch* — nonsense! I once worked in a Baron's house, in the house of Freiherr von Stegler. We knew our place there and we were happy. And because we knew our place, we were prosperous. No one ever heard of 'economic crisis' in those days. In Germany since the war no one has known his place, and we have had misery. But in the Germany of Adolf Hitler we shall have order again."

She had forgotten all her embarrassment and awkwardness.

"And our women, they will find their place again. For fifteen years we have had women's rights. *Quatsch!* Women have their place, not their rights. Their place is in the home, in the kitchen. Under the Republic it was 'freedom for the women.' Freedom to do what? To take men's work away from them. That is why there is unemployment."

"I am afraid you do not approve of the young women who have been my guests here, Maria. They have often admired your cooking."

"Not one of them could do it, yet they all ought to be able to. But that is your own affair, *Herr*. A foreigner thinks differently. The German woman — what does she want with a career? A husband, that is what God has made for her. And to deny it is to deny God, and that is what this Republic with its talk about freedom has done. Under Adolf Hitler it will be different."

Stimlin agreed to postpone the dinner. "But if I do, will the food get better, Maria? You know, during the past four weeks —"

"I am sorry, sir. My mind was not on it. I thought that the light had gone out of our lives forever, that the things for which my husband and son died seemed to have died with them. Then I went to a meeting of the National Socialist German Workers' Party —"

She rolled out the phrase, as if it were part of a choral.

On the day after the meeting at the Sports Palast, Stimlin called for Maria.

"Well, how was the meeting?"

"I heard him. I did not know whether to laugh or to cry. He said, 'Germany, awake —!' He spoke of a reborn German people, unwilling to remain a second-class nation any longer. I thought — well, *Herr*, you will think it funny, perhaps, but it just seemed as if my son or my husband were up there on the platform, speaking. And with all these thousands of young men cheering."

She fretted her hands, awkwardly, on her apron.

"Excuse me for saying it, but I really saw my son there, first in the crowd, then on the platform. And it seemed as if, well, for the first time that my son's death was justified and I understood it."

II

MEIZNER IS THE night clerk at the Hotel Breslau on one of the side streets off Unter den Linden. It is best not to admit that you know the Hotel Breslau. It is not listed in hotel guides. Its rooms are small and shabby. Its proprietor cares little whether the guests register or not.

Meizner sits behind the dimly lighted desk in the dark vestibule from seven at night until seven in the morning. There are few callers these days to break the long hours. He spends most of the time reading, always from some

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work on engineering. Three years ago he graduated from the Technical High School in Stuttgart and came to Berlin to find a job. He found nothing. Never having worked in his life, he was consequently ineligible for the unemployment dole. He went hungry many times. He would not beg — a graduate of a Technical *Hochschule* does not beg. He spent many days at the Municipal Shelter.

He found work at the Hotel Breslau by chance. It pays him ten marks a week, tips, and room. He was happy in it at first, for it meant neat clothes, a chance to study, and food.

His only friend is the porter Wagner, at the rival Hotel Stadt Budapest next door. Sometimes they stand out on the pavement of an early evening and talk.

"Look at that Jew corset store across the street," Meizner frequently says. "Every night at nine that clerk is through, and his wife comes for him in a little car. And we slave from seven until seven, as chambermaids for street women. Under Adolf Hitler things will be as they should be."

Meizner joined the Nazis during his second year in Berlin. There was a "cell" meeting daily in a *Kneipe*, a barroom, back of Frederichstrasse station, and he could spend his afternoons there. For two months he denied himself food and saved enough money to buy a uniform. He finally got all of it, the Sam Browne belt, puttees, and brown shirt. Not many of his acquaintances had puttees.

In his little room, beneath the eaves, where there was a large picture of Hitler on the wall, he first tried on the uniform. There was no mirror in his room so he went downstairs and across the street and looked at himself in the window of the little Jewish corset shop. He raised his arm, half in imaginary salute, half in imagined threat, and was dismayed to hear the shirt rip beneath the armpit. He returned to his room to patch it, murmuring, "A rotten shirt. Probably made in some Jewish factory!"

There was a parade in uniform on the following Sunday. Meizner went directly to the "cell," a few minutes after seven, with no sleep. He marched the whole day long, coming back to the hotel a few minutes before seven in the evening. He was dead-tired and discovered that if he sat at the desk he fell asleep. To keep awake he stood outside, chatting with Wagner.

"This is no work for a decent man to be doing," he told Wagner. "Here am I, a trained engineer, a graduate of a *Hochschule*, mind you, and I must work at this filthy business.

A graduate of a *Hochschule*, in a job like this. If Germany were free, there would be proper jobs for everyone. That cursed Versailles Treaty —! Look at the jobs you and I have! You know, Franz, after graduating from a *Hochschule*, as I did, a man ought to be able to go right into a state job. In five years he's earning two hundred marks a month. In ten years, three hundred fifty. He can marry and have a family. In thirty years he retires, on pension. Then his children are just about ready to start their state jobs —! That Jew across the street, he goes home to his wife every night. They can marry and have large families. We Germans must stay single. No wonder the number of Jews in Germany increases."

Wagner was a member of the Socialist party. That irked Meizner. "You ought to join us," he said, for the hundredth time. "When our day really comes there will be a place for all trained men. You have some training, haven't you?"

"I was a restaurant waiter once. But I will never get another job like that. I had to sell my full dress and I shall never have money enough to buy another."

"There will be a place for you, Franz. Of course, a lower place than for trained men like myself. The Third Reich will need waiters. But you had better leave this Marxist rot and join us. Karl Marx will get you nothing, nowhere."

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A Jewish couple stepped up to Meizner and asked the price of rooms. They tried to bargain and, failing, walked away.

Meizner turned to Wagner. "To-day we marched to Tempelhofer Field. Goebbels spoke. He talked about a Jewish plot to rule the world. We must wipe them all out, trample on their gullets. In everything they try to sneak ahead of us, to cheat us!"

Wagner was called indoors. Meizner went back to his desk. He took a book, *The Theory of Electrodynamics*, and began to work out an equation. In a few minutes he was asleep.

He was awakened by a woman's voice. It was the same Jewish couple, returned.

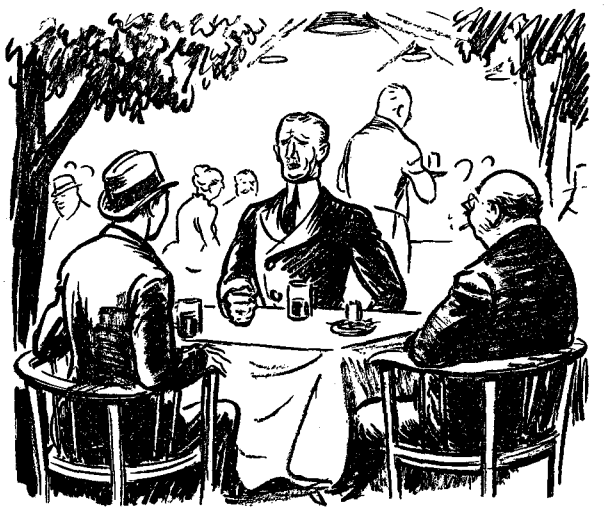
"If we can't get service here, we'll go elsewhere," she was saying.

He showed them upstairs then, wearily and with pains in his legs at every step, he returned to his book and scratch pad. He was suddenly conscious of being very tired. There were five more hours before he could get any sleep.

He went out to the sidewalk and found Wagner. Once more he began, "I can't see where that Marxist stuff will get you. Now, under Adolf Hitler —!"

III

My friend Boehling and I were sitting in a café on Potsdamer Platz one afternoon. Boehling is a German journalist, without any particular newspaper connections. He makes a



living as "tipster" for foreign journalists and knows all of them. And, because most German news is political news, there are few men in politics whom he does not know.

A man in his forties, as stiff and straight as a bayonet, sat down at the next table. Boehling saw him and almost jumped at him.

"Von Dempwitz — from where have you come? Join us at our table!"

Introductions were made, and Boehling said, "Here is the greatest trouble hunter in Germany, never happy unless he's fighting. The last I heard of you was in some Bolivian army or other. And now?"

"And now? I had an offer to fight with the Japanese, but I came home to join the Hitler party."

"Good grief, you too?"

"We are going to bring the Third Reich into Germany. That will mean plenty of trouble, with two out of every five people, secretly or otherwise, opposed to us. All the better. Germany has stagnated too long under the Republic. Hitler means action. We shall live life to the full!"

He turned to me. "I came through your country on my return journey. It is a madhouse. I heard a lot about progress and civilization. Tell me, do your people still believe in such things?"

I said yes, hoping that I should not be called on for proof.

"And peoples' rights? And liberty? My, how childish you Americans are! When will you learn that such things are only delusions? You are bad enough. The Marxists are worse, of course, with their belief that the way by which you make a living determines what you think. They are wrong. Class lines, in the Marxist sense, are only superficial. How you live, your attitude toward life, is the real determinant of the class to which you belong. There are only two classes of people. One sort lives for security, wanting their food, shelter, and women secure. These are the great mass, and you will find them among factory hands and factory owners. There is a second group, those who live dangerously. These shall inherit the earth!"

Boehling interrupted, "Anyone who inherited the earth these days would be a fool not to sell it at the first chance."

"In America you talk much about rights," von Dempwitz continued. "The average man isn't interested in rights. Give him security — that's all he asks. Give the masses security,

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and they will not care about the so-called rights of free speech, free political action, liberty! Give them security, and in their own little circles they will imagine themselves free. That suits them. Is a fish in the ocean happier than a fish in a pond, because his boundaries are further removed? Give the masses security, not as a right, but in exchange for obedience; and you can do with them just about what you will."

He was becoming a trifle oratorical in his tone and in his gestures.

"Tie them to an ideal, the State. Hitler has discovered that. Progress is possible — for a state. But for the individual? The majority of men are still content with the same things that contented them ten thousand years ago — food, shelter, a woman. But the leaders — they must live dangerously, guaranteeing the masses their security but ever remembering that the great majority of people are fools. Under Adolf Hitler you will see: there will be more happiness in the land when each individual is not permitted to roam off by himself, trying to find that which he can only find *en masse*. We far surpass the narrow communist idea of a class world based on economics. We have a class world based on life! Live regimented if you want security. Live dangerously, if you want the prizes of life."

"You've certainly picked up a lot of Nazi jargon," Boehling said.

"This isn't Nazi jargon. It's my own philosophy in my own words. Hitler only happens to agree with me. I tried ten years ago to talk this in Germany, but my fellow countrymen were hell-bent on trying out democracy. And what did it get them? Eight marks a week from the Unemployment Dole! Your American Constitution guarantees your citizens, I think, life, liberty, the pursuit of happiness? Far better if it guaranteed them enough to eat each day, and a roof at night. But that can be guaranteed only in a regimented nation."

Boehling tried to interrupt, without success.

"We shall regiment a nation and all classes in it. We shall guarantee the people, and all the people, food and shelter, not as a right but as a reward for discipline. We shall bear down heavily on the rich. Don't forget that in the name of Hitler's party is the word 'Socialist!' You are wrong if you think that is there only to act as bait for the working class. The rich will learn that they have no rights compared to the right of a nation to regiment all its people and all its wealth for the best interests of the nation."

There was no stopping him now.

"Where has all the trouble in the world come from in the past ten years? From democracies! Guardians of the sacred right of the ballot, of the sacred right of freedom of speech. *Quatsch!* Statesmen gather and decide on what should be done to get this world out of its present *Katzenjammer*. And having decided in conference, why don't they do it? Because they go home and have to face rival political parties, 'guardians of the peoples' right,' and then they have to go back on their word to save their own jobs. Your Wilson was concerned with rights, and what did he do? He believed in democracy — and look at Europe to-day, his handiwork! Give us a world of regimented nations with leaders, sure of what they want done, and they can decide in one meeting what to do. And they can carry out their decisions at home, too. To-day, neither your French nor your English nor your American politicians can move without thinking of rights, of constitutions!"

"Slow down and have some beer," said Boehling. "And tell us what happens when one leader of your movement decides that another leader should be regimented, as you put it."

"That can only happen if one leader loses his strength."

"Then even Hitler, who agrees so nicely with you, has no right to stay in power if he shows weakness. And you have the right to displace him if possible?"

"Certainly, he who is strongest will lead, as it should be."

"And have you the right to try to weaken Hitler, if possible?"

"Well, some day I may have the ambition. We must live dangerously."

"It sounds like Nietzsche's theory of the superman to me. Do you know the great weakness of that theory? The poor chap may be a superman but he cannot escape from being a human being. As such, he will have his love of security, of which you speak, of security of his power, of assurance of continuing as a superman. And God help all of you — and all of us

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— when your leaders start a cat fight for the permanent rôle of superman."

Boehling rose from the table. "Let's go over with the about-to-be-regimented masses to the Wild West Cabaret in Haus Vaterland. I hear they've got a good new floor show there."

IV

Gurk, in a Nazi brown shirt, riding trousers, and boots, is the silliest sight of the twentieth century. The prime function of a coat on middle-aged men is to curtain the curves of a globular stomach; without a coat, a belt, tight-drawn, acts only like an equator, to divide it into two hemispheres. And tight-drawn trousers add nothing of stability to bowlegs.

Fortunately, he wears the uniform rarely. He works by day as translator in an exporter's office. At night he is in the library, making voluminous notes for a history of Germany. Until I met him in uniform I did not know of his political connections. He had always seemed completely remote from everything contemporary. He was alive only in the history of his country, and I never met a man who so completely lived his nation's past in his own present.

"I didn't know you were a Nazi," I began.

"I am, inevitably, as every German who loves his land ought to be," he replied. "You think me silly? I know a lot of Hitler's talk is

nonsense. Look at me, a Nordic, pure German on both sides. How do I strike you as an example of a superior race?"

He laughed, and his stomach and his knees seemed to roll in time.

"The race business is silly. So are most of Hitler's economic plans. But remember, each of us sees in Hitler and his broad program the realization of some dream of ours — perhaps of jobs, perhaps of sentimental patriotism, perhaps of power."

"And what is your dream?"

"I want to see a Germany who will see herself in proper proportion, not judging herself only by the events since the war. That is a short view. There is the Germany of history, awakened, confident, cultured, without a feeling of enforced inferiority. To-day we do feel inferior — and your Allies have helped to instill that among us. Those of us who love our past have had to flee to it as a refuge — which speaks bad for the present. I want a land in which our past need not be our refuge — in which our daily life will need none — but in which our past, a proud memory, will be but less pleasant than the dreams of our future. If we impress you as being a queer people sometimes, remember that for fifteen years we have had our necks turned around, forced to look at our past if we wanted any peace for the day immediately before us."

"And you think Hitler can realize these things?"

"I don't know. There is so much nonsense in his program. It amazes you foreigners that we should swallow it. But remember that in any revolution you have to swallow a lot of things in the leader's program in which you don't believe in order to secure the one thing in which you do have faith. But Hitler, personally — he may not last six months."

Then Gurk said, with the tone of the toast in *Cavalcade*, "But think of Germany in 1812, with the wave of nationalism that spread over the land then, after our defeat by Napoleon. Think what came out of that — our nineteenth-century music, our art, our literature! That was the greatest stimulus a nation could have. Too long had it had an inferiority complex. So is it to-day. We are going to forget our inferiority complex in a passing wave of excesses and of super-optimism. That will pass. We shall sober down. And Germany, *das ewig Deutschland*, will again be a nation fit for a dreamer, a scholar, and a normal human being to dwell in."

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CIVILIZATION IS OLDER THAN MAN

BY J. G. ANDERSSON

WHEN DID man begin to be man? If we accept the theory — and few biologists now doubt it — that man is closely related to the other mammals, when did he branch out from the ancestral tree? At what stage did he cease to be ape and become man, and is this transition determined only by physiological changes, or should the dividing line be placed when he began to use the attributes of human living, for instance, weapons and fire?

It was a fortunate thing for science that our despised cousins, the gorilla and the chimpanzee, were still living when the theory of evolution was first launched; otherwise the leap would have been too long for our imagination in trying to realize our early ancestors. As it is, we are able to make comparisons between living forms and fossil remains, and by means of such study we have arrived at the conclusion that one of the anthropoid apes, the chimpanzee, most nearly resembles our forefathers. But this does not mean that our ancestors were chimpanzees. Far from it. The very fact that man can trace his history back for hundreds of thousands of years, while the chimpanzee is of modern origin, would make such an assumption ridiculous.

It would be equally absurd to claim that any of the prehominoid or hominoid creatures whose fossil remains we have unearthed in fragments in different parts of the earth are our ancestors. The very fact that these finds can almost be reckoned on the fingers of one hand would make it just as unlikely that one of them should be our ancestor as that anyone who buys only one ticket in a lottery should win the grand prize.

The truth is that when we try to trace our ancestry in the dimmest past we are confronted with a strange situation, and we must frankly admit that our species, so far as our knowledge goes, stands quite isolated and rootless. It seems clear that when we come down to the Neanderthal man, who lived in the early stone age, we are really dealing with a human type, though in a very primitive stage. The question has often been discussed whether Neanderthal man has any descendants now living, but this is very unlikely. There seems to be a complete break between him and the first Homo sapiens, the Cro-Magnon man who, about 20,000 years ago, left his drawings in the caves of France.

Yet no subject can be more fascinating than the exploring of our own origin, and no field of research has yielded more sensational discoveries. In the last few decades the study of fossil remains has gone on at a rate which has made it difficult for the writers of reference books to keep pace with new discoveries, and in the last two years a fossil unearthed in China has confronted us with the question of whether we shall not have to revise our entire conception of our origin and prehistory.

WAS SINANTHROPUS A MAN?

I WAS WITH the Swedish Committee for Geological Research in China, excavating a cave at Chou Kou Tien, near Peking, when, in 1921, I noticed what seemed to be very rude flint knives. This led me to think that we might be in the vicinity of hominoid remains, but it was only after many years of arduous search that we found the fossil that came to be known as the Sinanthropus pekinensis. In the twenty thousand boxes of material dug out of the cave and sent to Peking for examination, a member of the expedition, Dr. Otto Zdansky, found two hominoid teeth, in 1926. This gave the impetus to the organization of a large international expedition which is still carrying on research there. Later in the same year, Dr. Birger Bohlin found another tooth, this time a molar. In 1928 Dr. Bohlin found a fragment of a lower jaw, and in 1929 a Chinese geologist,

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Pei, made the most important discovery of all, an almost complete skull. Gradually we have assembled two good and several fragmentary skulls, several lower jaws, and a number of teeth.

This material is already fuller than any hominoid fossils we have from any period earlier than Neanderthal man. It enabled us to form a very complete picture of the head-form of Sinanthropus, who in many respects resembles Neanderthal man. There is the same low, flat roof of the skull, the same receding forehead and huge eyebrow ridges, the protuberant jaw and absence of chin. But all these features are more pronounced in Sinanthropus, and especially the eyebrow ridges are developed to an enormous thickness. We can imagine that the eyes must have gazed out under them with a sinister and brutish look.

By study of the sediment in the cave and the numerous fossils of mammals from the earliest part of the Tertiary period imbedded in it, we have been able to fix the age when Sinanthropus lived as several hundred thousand years ago.

Was Sinanthropus a man or was he not? The answer must depend on what extent we give to the term man. If we extend it to include our entire family tree far back into the Tertiary period, when the first hominoid parted from the main trunk of anthropoid apes, then certainly Sinanthropus was a kind of man, though on a very low plane and very different from modern man. But such an extension of the genus would merely cause confusion and would, moreover, be contrary to all practice in biological nomenclature.

It must be remembered, also, that the fossil hominoids we have found are known to us only by their bone structure, which tends to emphasize the general likeness to man. If we could imagine what Sinanthropus looked like when the skeleton was clothed with flesh and skin, I am sure the ape-like features would be more evident than when we study only the bones.

Man's Prehuman Ancestor

Let me continue this grotesque imagining still further. Suppose that to the right of you were standing the representatives of the various human races: a European, a Mongolian, an Australian, and a Negro, and to the left of you a group of living hominoids: a Neanderthal man, a Heidelberg man, a Sinanthropus, and perhaps in a modest place, an Australopithecus. I am sure the vote would be unanimous: to the figures on the right you would gladly extend the hand of brotherhood, but from the hairy, low-browed creatures on your left, with their sinister gaze under huge eyebrow ridges, their chinless faces and brutish snouts, you would turn with horror.

This is only an experiment of the imagination, but in the case of Sinanthropus we are able to clinch matters with one important additional fact. For a long time we knew him only by the remains of his skull, but now comes the latest bulletins from Peking saying that a portion of his foot has been unearthed, and this foot is very unlike the human. Now, on the shape of the foot depends whether or not this hominoid had the upright walk of a man. So far as we can judge, he didn't have it, although we must admit that the fossils of the foot are still very fragmentary.

It seems to me clear that we must look upon Sinanthropus as an early hominoid and not a human being in the accepted sense of the term. Man is Homo sapiens — possibly with a distinct earlier specimen of the genus Homo known as Neanderthal man. Sinanthropus marks one of the stages on the long path of evolution from a form common to the anthropoid apes and the hominoids and leading up to the genus Homo.

From the fossil fragments we are able to say that the foot of Sinanthropus was not developed to a human form. We have no such fossil remains of the hand, but we are able to judge from other evidence that it probably approached the human more nearly in form than did the foot. We can surmise this from the implements we have found in the cave.

As I have mentioned before, it was the presence of what seemed to be sharp-edged stone blades that suggested the search for the remains of the creature that had used them. I sent Dr. Zdansky back for further investigation. Meanwhile the Chinese scientist, Pei, had become convinced that these blades really had been shaped by hand and that they showed signs of wear as if they had been used. Once the excavators had become aware of them, they found these stone blades by the thousands imbedded in the sand. Some were made of the

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quartz of the cave, while others were of materials that must have been brought from a distance, such as green sandstone, green slate, and quartzite of various colors. It would be difficult to imagine more primitive implements, but genuine implements they were.

This was the opinion not only of Pei, but of Abbé Breuil, of Paris, the world's most distinguished authority on the early stone age, who came out to China to investigate them. Abbé Breuil also thought that certain other objects of horn and bone showed signs of use.

The next discovery came when traces of charred wood and burned stone were found, and finally — most sensational of all — Abbé Breuil declared that the sediment which we had taken for sand was in reality ashes that had been bleached in the course of time. The layer, seven meters thick, spoke eloquently of how long Sinanthropus had lived in the cave.

We know from the study of anthropoid apes that they occasionally make use of stones and branches of trees as weapons or implements, but they merely choose them, they never shape them. The astounding revelation of the Chou Kou Tien discoveries is that our forefathers, before they had arrived at human form, had learned to make sharp-edged implements of quartz, and had also learned to use fire.

Prehuman Civilization

This brings me to my first thesis: Civilization is older than man.

Once in the far distant past, probably in the Pliocene period, a progressive hominoid became accustomed to use stones, branches of trees, and perhaps fragments of bone as implements. Another courageous member of the same species conquered his fear of the tree ignited by lightning and made of fire a mighty servant.

These first two conquests were never afterward lost. They were developed in more and more complicated forms, and in the course of ages these servants reacted upon their master and transformed him into a new and higher being. The use of the cudgel and flint knife forced him to assume an upright posture. The new uses to which weapons, tools, and fire could be put stimulated his brain. The possibility of roasting his meat by a camp fire and breaking the marrowbones with convenient implements made the powerful jaws unnecessary, and resulted after a time in the evolution of the human face, which more than anything else distinguishes Homo sapiens from his cousins in the lower orders.

The transformation from hominoid to man must have taken hundreds of thousands of years. In long ages, under different conditions, in various parts of the great continents, the evolution went on. The hominoid improved his weapons, and thereby himself, as they stimulated his faculties, until he became human.

If this is a correct interpretation, if civilization began with the lower Hominidæ, then we may ask: What was the cultural contribution of Homo sapiens when he first appeared upon the scene? The answer seems plain: Homo sapiens was the father of art. In the caves of Cro-Magnon man, in the reindeer age, we see great art, drawings, paintings, and sculpture that have hardly been surpassed for naturalistic truth.

Nevertheless, weapons and fire are, and remain, the mightiest and the most terrible means to human civilization. If we write them as a device over the rudimentary civilization of Sinanthropus, we may equally well write them above our own culture. Submarines, machine guns, and bombing aeroplanes are not the only weapons. Houses and clothing are defensive weapons against the cold of winter. The microscope is the most powerful weapon against our deadly enemies, the microbes, and the electric spark gives us the old power of life in a hundred new and marvelous forms.

Material civilization, almost imperceptibly slow in the beginning, is now developing in a mad crescendo. Everything must give way to it. Whole sections of land are laid waste so that we may build our giant cities. No other animal has been such a cruel and ruthless beast of prey as man. The sabre-toothed tiger is an inoffensive dolt compared to us. The extermination of the giant mammals in the early post-Tertiary period must surely be laid at our door. But most ruthless of all have we been toward our own kind. Every time the race has taken a step forward, the extermination of the lower orders has followed close upon it.

Our material civilization rises heavenward like an all-consuming flame. Has it strength to rise still higher, or will it some day consume us, too?

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TWELVE STRANGERS IN THE NIGHT

BY ELIZABETH M. BISGOOD

Do you remember how we stared at those people in the airport who were waiting around with us? We tried to make out which were the ones who were leaving and which were being left behind. Even looking carefully in their faces we couldn't tell. Perhaps some faint bravado might be there . . . but it would be more likely to be resolutely hidden. The nervous ones are sure to be the ones left behind. You looked nervous, as I should have looked had you been on the point of climbing in behind those roaring engines stirring up great quantities of air with their flash of propeller. I am sure that, when those heavy, threatening clouds lifted from the mountains and we were hurried on board, you never noticed who went with me and who stayed below to see our plane circle the airport and then disappear over the dark hills. I would like to tell you. Then I might feel a little that you were here, perhaps in the seat behind me, ready to smile and talk in deaf and dumb language should I turn my head.

I can only see the backs of their heads. I can see them getting out their books and settling down to read, or looking out of the windows at the propellers and the city below us. Some of them, and I suspect that they are the more experienced air travelers, have settled themselves to sleep. They are all men, eleven of them. I can see only the face of the man across the aisle from me. At any other time he would look very undistinguished, but now his face is illumined with fear. He screamed in my ear as we took off that he had never been up before. His knuckles on the arm of his chair are white, and he is watching the mountains slide away from under us with horror and fascination. I am sure he is looking for landing places. I touch his arm and point to the cotton for his ears and the chewing gum. Already he is a little green, and I am afraid he may be sick.

We are flying very low. Ahead, everything looks white. It is probably fog. No, it's not fog, it's snow. Snow driving in long straight lines at our propeller and separating to meet again at our tail. The clouds are resting heavily on the top of the plane and below us the mountains are reaching up their rock-boned fingers to catch at us. There is only a narrow space between element and element for us to fly. And it is getting narrower every second. Ahead, the snow is a white curtain pulled closed. Above are blankets of forbidding clouds. Below, ominous rocks wait. The man across the way is rigid with fear. Any course seems terrifying to him. As we dive up into the soft mass of cloud he looks at me, shakes his head, and closes his eyes. Now that we are in the cloud all sense of motion is stopped. We seem to be suspended in a universe of cotton wool. Perhaps we are a toy aeroplane filled with stiff figures and packed in cotton for shipping.

Now the man has opened his eyes and is very surprised. We are over the Mojave Desert. Ten thousand feet up over what looks to him like a world of landing field shimmering in the heat of the sunshine. The contracted muscles of his throat loosen, he lifts his hand from the arm of his seat and dries it carefully on his handkerchief. He takes a long breath and turns to smile at me. The tension drops away from us all.

The man behind me taps me on the shoulder and shouts in my ear to know whether I mind if he smokes. I shake my head and light a cigarette myself. I offer my neighbor one but he declines and points to his stomach. The heat has made the flying quite bumpy. I am sure now he will be sick, so I look out of my window. The slow unrolling of the desert below us is lovely . . . the sand looks coral-colored and is streaked with black. The sun through the dust gives it an iridescent gleam. The smoothness seems unbroken, although in places it sweeps up to small mountains. The co-pilot creeps along

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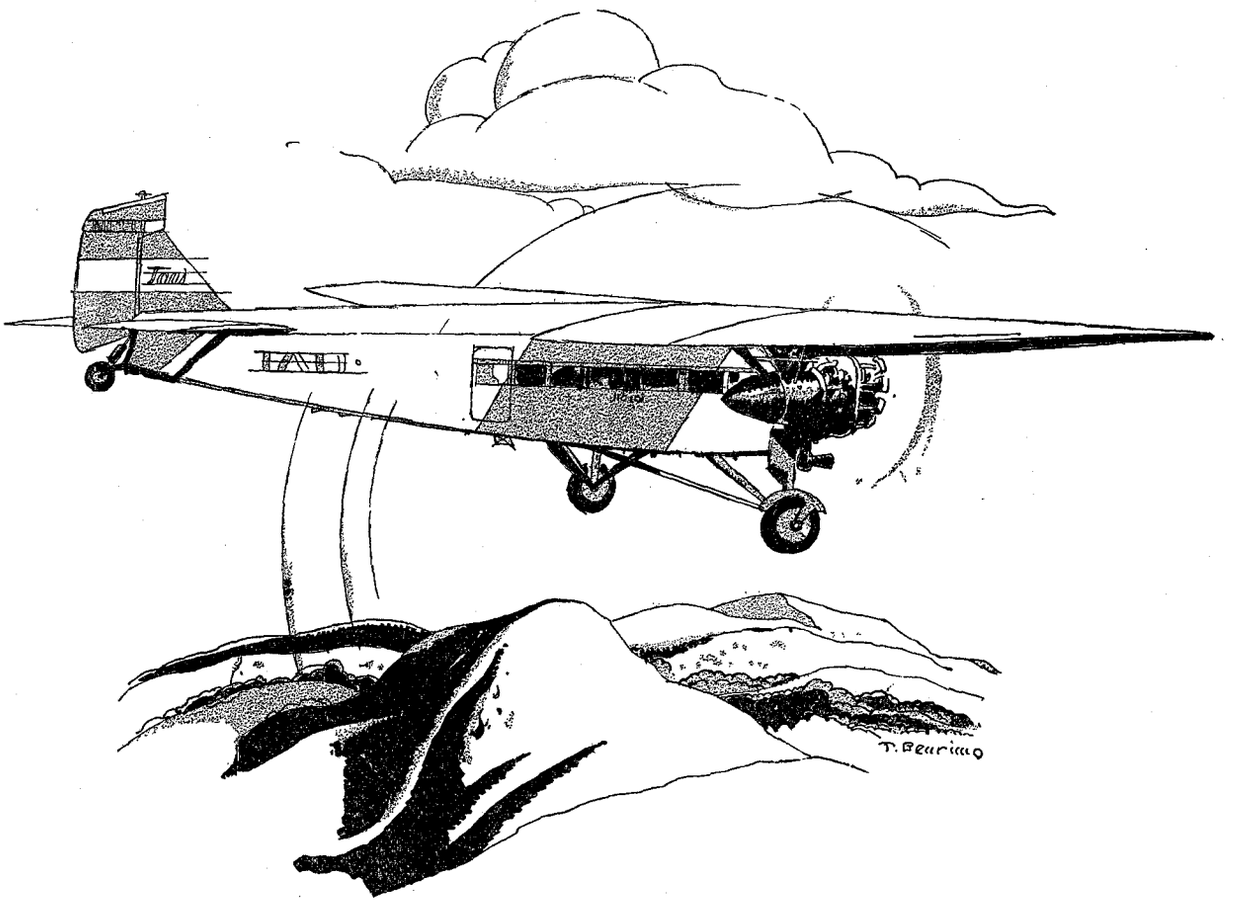
the narrow aisle, shouting to each of us that in ten minutes we will be in Winslow and to watch on our right for a meteor crater. In a minute I see it, a handful of sand scooped out of the desert by some enormous fist. A hole full of blue shadow.

Now we are spiralling down, the earth rushing up to meet us. We seem to brush the top of a tree, of a house, of a cow, of a fence, and then with three soft bounces we are on the ground.

II

LATER: We have lost the sun again and are flying low over sand and bare rock with the clouds pressing down on us. Away on our left are trees bordering a canyon. They look very silly, and the canyon is nothing but a small crack in the wide drift of sand and stone. I can see a river twist its way from one edge of the horizon to the other. We have had lunch served



The unity of us cracks. We are eleven men and one woman, getting ready to get out of a plane for ten minutes. As the plane taxis up to the hangar we really look at each other for the first time. We smile and talk a little and offer each other cigarettes as we walk about on the sand. My neighbor would like to roll on the ground in his joy to be in the secure hand of gravity again. He stamps his feet. He takes great breaths of air and does not look at the plane at all. When we go aboard again he is the last to get in. As we taxi across the field he looks with real love at the hangar . . . he couldn't look more desolate if he were leaving behind him all that he ever knew and loved.

on tiny tables that fit into the arms of the chair. A picnic kind of lunch, but very good, with chicken sandwiches and hot coffee. My neighbor didn't want any, but everyone else seemed to enjoy having something to do. We all made it last as long as possible, even to dragging out the after-luncheon cigarette until it burnt our fingers. Then I slept and woke up to find that we are just coming into Albuquerque. . . .

We are leaving Albuquerque. The flat country drops away from under our wheels and leaves us suspended in the air. It keeps on dropping faster and faster until it seems to hit some bottom and lies below us, spread out in a circular quilt of neatly colored fields. Three colors

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of brown: dark loam, rich and wet; smooth stretches of chestnut earth brushed with copper light; and, framing the more fertile earth, a pale border of dry baked soil. These are checkered with astonishingly green fields that gleam as though they were polished malachite. There it lies under our wings, the flat planet of the old maps. Over it the sky is a round blue bowl, empty of wind or cloud, in which we seem to hang. Only the slow progress of field following field gives us any sense of motion. The noise by now has become so much a part of us that it is merely a lifelong deafness, cutting us into isolation. We are comfortable, remote, and without time. A minute or an hour are words of another life. We are waiting up here, while the countryside slowly rolls past, for the time when the earth will begin to lift itself towards us and place its broad and substantial back under our wheels again. Twilight is spreading across the fields, melting the sharp pattern of boundaries into each other and spinning a gossamer mist of sunset color which it lays, like a mantle, across the shoulders of the land. It is almost time for Amarillo now. I am sorry, this has been so lovely. . . .

At Amarillo I smelled new grass. It was the cool of the evening, and the air was fresh with growing things. Now evening is melting into night, and a few stars are showing through the clouds that still trail their colors into the darkening sky. The ground below us has absorbed all the darkness and lies black and strange, while we up here can still see to read. My friend across the way has just written me a note on his magazine.

"Is night flying dangerous?" he asks, and I have scribbled, "No." But how do I know? I have never flown at night, am really entirely unprepared for it. I am wondering about it, wishing you were here and planning to sleep . . . but deep in the core of my courage I realize that what with you would have been high adventure may, without you, be trial by terror. I switch my light on and begin to read. I pull my resolution around me like a heavy cloak and do not even glance sideways out of the window. . . . I only read, matching each word, each sentence, and each page against the inevitable moment when my rising fear will blot over the book and force my unwilling eyes to watch the night.

By the slanting beam of my little light I can see my friend's hand. And by his hand I can see that my anticipation is already reality with him. He holds the arm of his chair with bone-white fingers. The nails are buried into the soft leather. The purple veins are hollowed out of his skin like the dark rivers that ran across the sand this afternoon. Not a muscle, not a hair moves. But I can feel the hurried beat of the pulse I cannot see. Or is it my pulse? This must stop. I shall read my book again.

III

THEY HAVE turned out the lights! Why? What does it mean? Where are we . . . and where are we going? I think we were all dozing when this abrupt, unsolicitated darkness woke us as, in our other life, a shot from a cannon might have done.

The stars have gone. The half moon is gone too. There is not one sign of familiar light to place us in this terrible void of time and space. Now all we know is the roaring of the engines and the wild white flame of the exhaust shooting past our ears. We are going faster and faster. We are hurtling into space, into the darkness, doomed by this desperate, suffocating speed. The night is a shell around us . . . the blackness, a wall at which we are flying and against which we must inevitably crash. No earth, no sky, nothing in all the world but this roaring speed, sweeping through everlasting dark, trailing wild white flames.

Are we in a projectile shot at the hidden moon? Has the earth relaxed her blessed hold and sent us flying into a universe of endless space and endless time, doomed to trace an endless circle in the dark of eternity? We cannot see each other at all. Not even the outline of a head. Except for those flames, I cannot see a thing, not even the line of the wings on the sky. I strain in the dark to see my neighbor's face. It is impossible. Were it not for this strange, strong current of feeling, I might be alone in the plane. But each pulse in the plane is beating in my pulse. Without being able to see anything, I know at what moment, precisely and accurately, any one of my fellow prisoners turns to force his eyesight into the unfathomable blackness, trying to see, either above or below him, some ray of light . . . some touch of the known. As surely as one of

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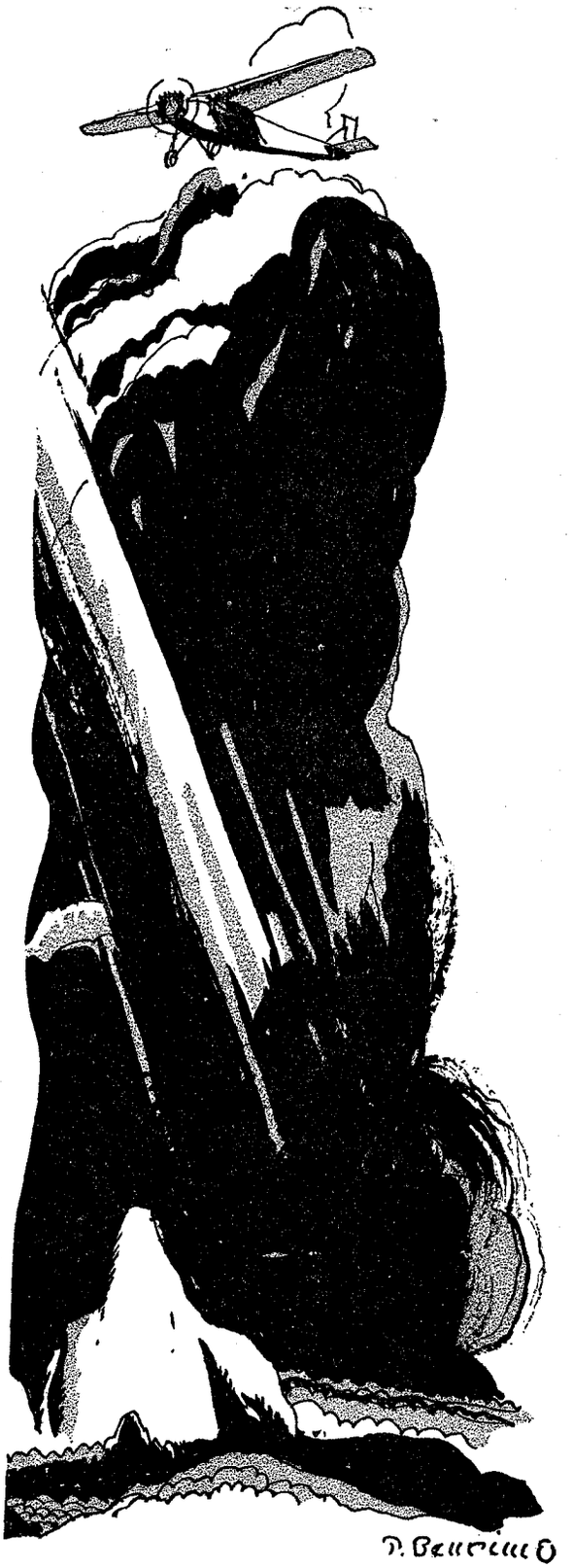
them relaxes his hold on his chair to dry his sweating palms, I know it. At the moment that I, choked by the rushing night, put my hand against my throat hoping to still the wild beat of its pulse, at that moment my fingers lay on the throats of eleven other lives. Were anyone to cry out, the cry would tear its way from my lungs even though my lips had let no sound escape. We are one unit. The breath of one is the breath of all. Our hearts pound at a single, heavy pace. The fate and the fear of any one of us is the fate and the fear of the other eleven. When at last this infinite dark becomes finite . . . when we know everything or nothing . . . ours will be the knowledge of a single mind. I am closer to these eleven men than it is possible for me to have ever been to anyone or anything in that remote life, that lovely life of light and order and familiar things, that you and I lived together. And yet I don't know one name and in a week could only recognize one face.

Something very strange is happening. We see nothing, nothing at all, yet something is happening that wasn't happening a moment ago. We sit upright, stiff and braced . . . waiting . . . waiting . . . waiting for what we do not know. Now suddenly it happens! A light shoots from the dark and fastens on us, answering lights flood downward from our wings, poles of light, stiff and angular. They are blurred at the edges. They are landing lights. Before we can warm ourselves in this release we feel three soft bounces and with a roar of the engines we know that we are on the ground. Life flows back into us as we taxi to the airport. Hastily, and with fingers still numb from fright, we collect our things and take the cotton from our ears. We look about us. The door is flung open, and we creep out, blinking and disheveled. With one turn of the head all twelve of us look at the sky. We have been flying in the fog. There we stand in a little knot under the waterfall of light that sweeps down from three enormous searchlights.

"Bad weather ahead . . . flying in fog . . . train to Kansas City . . . this is Wichita . . . go on by plane next day, weather permitting . . . your tickets are taken care of by the company . . . taxi is waiting. . . ." Helpful, polite voices are speaking around us. Gradually we hear them. We become alert. We look



at each other amazed. I see eleven mussy, undistinguished men. They see a woman who badly needs to powder her nose and have her coat pressed.

The plane has landed. The lights are on.

We are strangers again.

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THE GREEN SEA OF GLOOM

Why Shipping Is in Trouble—II

BY WILLIAM ADAMS

BENEATH THE events in transatlantic shipping described in the August issue of THE FORUM—all so much alike, all occurring in a short time within the compass of a single trade—there must be definite causes. These there indeed are; but they are of two types, internal and external, and they must be kept separate.

Many of the North Atlantic shipowners' present troubles have been caused by political actions beyond their control. But the extent of the influence of these upon shipping is as difficult to trace as water in water. Who can show, to the dollar, the losses incurred by American shipowners through our prohibition law, or those by French shipowners dependent upon the stream of American tourists to France through their government's refusal to pay her war debt to us? We do know how many passengers have been lost to North Atlantic steamship lines by our restricting immigration, but how many have they lost through depreciated currencies forcing people to vacation at home; on the other hand, how many have they gained through tourists going abroad to take advantage of depreciated currencies in foreign countries? It is well known that the depression has caused mercantile houses to send fewer buyers abroad, but who can demonstrate precisely what effect for the better the Ottawa conference will have upon the fortunes of the shipowners of England and the Dominions, and for the worse upon the shipowners of other nations? Who can begin to estimate the serious effect our restrictive tariff has had upon world shipping, or that a "Buy American" campaign might have?

And since the extent of the reaction of these events upon shipping is so difficult to determine, who will attempt to say how much they are compensated for by government aids to shipping: construction loans, subsidies, mail contracts, and discriminatory port dues?

However, what there is no doubt about is this: profits are possible no longer to anyone engaged in the North Atlantic. Fares have been alternately cut and raised, then sold on the installment plan. Luxury liners and modest cabin ships have been launched almost alongside one another. Cruises have been offered to new lands and to nowhere. To fill the space left vacant by the steerage passenger, a whole new army of travelers, the tourist third, has been raised. But none of these has brought prosperity. The group of conditions which for years crowded the North Atlantic with westbound travelers seeking fortunes in America and eastbound travelers seeking recreation in Europe has been dislocated in too many places.

Now, among the causes of the North Atlantic shipowner's troubles, what are those for which he is responsible? They are, especially, overbuilding of tonnage and unwise and uneconomic emulation.

It is true that world shipbuilding totals now are, and for some time have been, extremely low. Nevertheless, more than twenty North Atlantic liners of from twenty to seventy thousand tons have been launched or have made their maiden passage within the last five years—in a sea upon which five years ago there already were, Greek and Spanish vessels excepted, as many as a hundred and forty-four passenger ships, almost half of which had been built during the post-war decade. And among these were thirty-four ships of more than twenty thousand tons, half of which had a speed in excess of twenty knots. But these were not enough!

Oversupply of tonnage seems to be a constant condition of the shipping industry, despite the fact that the number of ships and the volume of ship space necessary to accommodate the freight and passenger demand upon

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any ocean route can be ascertained by simple arithmetic. Look back a little way. In 1892 "an unparalleled overproduction of tonnage" for the previous year was reported and "the reckless rate of overbuilding during 1889 to 1892" was compared to the "overproduction of tonnage during 1880 to 1883." Then just two years later, in 1894: "Over one million tons of new shipping have been turned out during the year in the face of the fact that the carrying work to be done was more than fully supplied by the previously existing tonnage. . . . The philanthropy of . . . the shipowners is evidently inexhaustible, for after five years' unprofitable work, their energy is as unfagging as ever. . . ." In 1901, complaint is again made that shipping rates are low, "the infallible result of overbuilding of tonnage during the period of revival in trade from 1897 to 1900." * Then, during the first decade of this century, the production of tonnage increased at a greater rate than it had during the previous one. Finally, it was interrupted by the war. . . . To-day the oversupply of tonnage is again a problem; so was it long before 1880. More than two hundred years ago, when the South Sea Bubble was about to burst, this was written:

> Who but a nest of blockheads to their cost,
> Would build new ships for freight when trade is lost;
> To raise fresh barks must surely be amusing
> When hundreds rot in docks for want of using.

II

NOTHING will give us so much insight into the part emulation plays in transatlantic passenger shipping as an examination of the big ship, a sea monster peculiar to North Atlantic waters.

Hardly a year in the past forty has been without the declaration, supported by the endorsements of naval engineers and architects, that ships have reached a size which it would not be practical to exceed and that thenceforward either speed, passenger comfort, or economies bringing lowered fares would be the one desideratum in building. Nevertheless, there are to-day ships on the ways larger than any afloat.

Size has only a relative value. A ship's dimensions should be determined by the conditions of the trade she is in: its sailing distances and seasons of activity, its port facilities and climate, and the nature and volume of its traffic. A ship may be small or large — no matter; but she must not, if she is to be gainfully employed, be too small or too large. Assume that she is the last: she will sail always with empty cabins, partly filled holds and excessive tonnage dues. Working ships — those which must earn money to exist — have a maximum of cargo space for a minimum of registered tonnage.

Now, consider the North Atlantic liner of 50,000 tons or more. Her great original cost is obvious; it is more important to remember that throughout her life this cost is reflected daily whether she is in port or at sea, whether she is employed or idle, in depreciation, interest, and insurance charges.

A shipowner's whole capital is his fleet; his offices and properties ashore are modest and are usually leased. So only when his ships are at sea, transporting passengers and cargo, can he possibly be earning anything. North Atlantic liners make about fifteen voyages a year which keep them at sea from 150 to 200 days. The remainder of the time they are standing by or tied up in port, earning nothing to defray their original cost, the constant charges named above, or those levied against them daily for operation and upkeep.

Forty years ago an owner of transatlantic shipping, in an effort to keep his capital employed during the long North Atlantic winter, began sending his large liners on excursions during the winter months. In time all of his competitors were doing the same thing, and a few years ago a hundred winter cruises were being advertised. This was too many — some of them did not secure passengers enough to pay for their advertising. Now their number is not half what it was. Despite this smaller number, there were losses of $75,000 reported last winter on single cruises. One ship, starting round the world with 129 passengers, faced a loss, depending upon the number of passengers she discovered in ports on her way, of $250,000 and upward.

The big ship labors also under physical disadvantages. There are few harbors in the world which she can enter, and these are kept open to her only by constant dredging. She strands in

* *Quoted in* The Merchant Shipping Industry: *H. C. Calvin and E. G. Stuart.*

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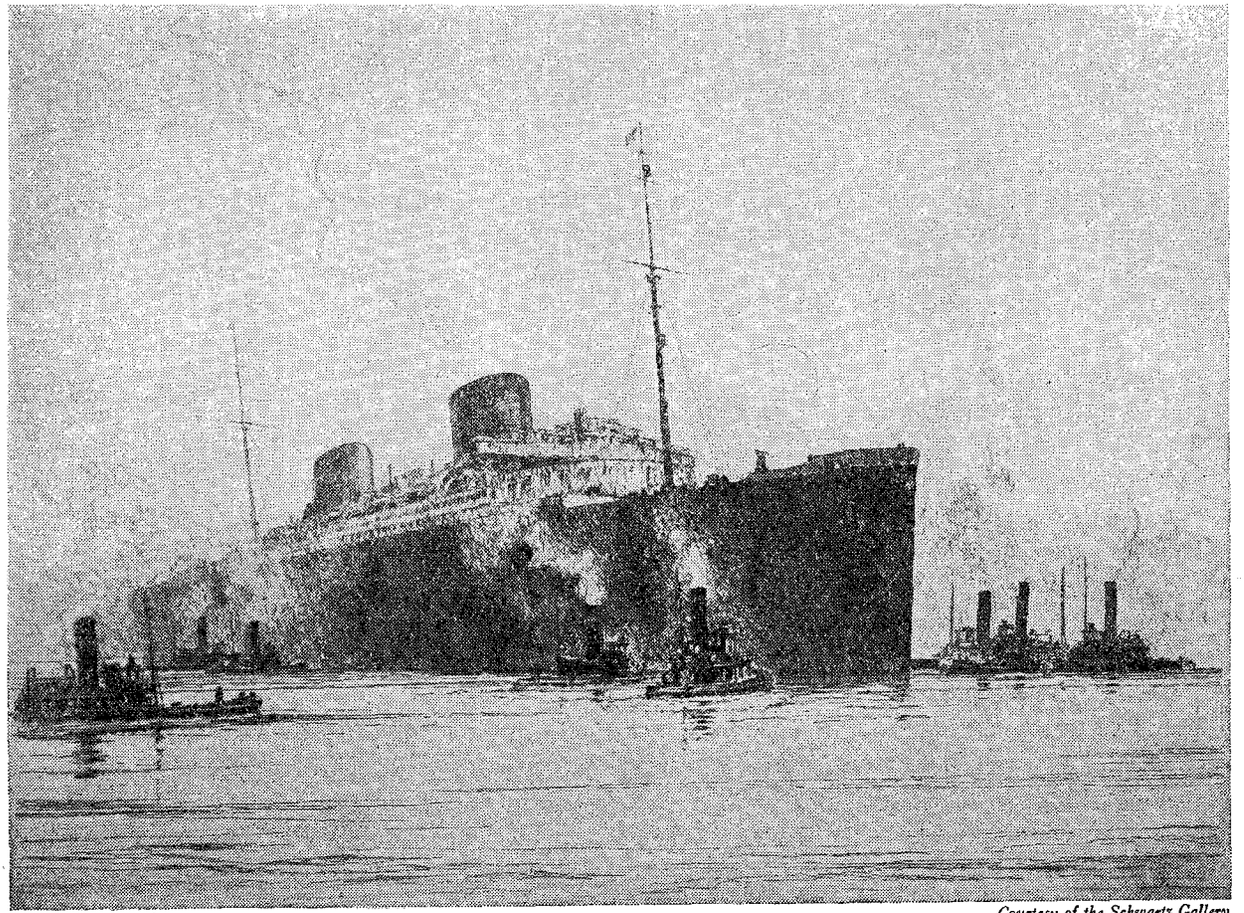

Etching by Otto Kuhler *Courtesy of the Schwartz Gallery*

channels which other ships navigate with ease; she is difficult to maneuver in a crowded fairway and is in constant danger there; and warping her into a dock is an operation demanding extreme skill, great expense, and much time.

There is not a drydock in New York harbor which can accommodate a vessel the size of the *Leviathan*. Each year, when that ship had to be overhauled, she went, at considerable expense, to Boston, where there was a drydock ample for her. The *Normandie*, if she ever has occasion to go round the world, will have to do so by way of Cape Horn and the Cape of Good Hope. The Suez and Panama canals are too narrow and shallow for her. The ill-starred *534*, providing she is someday finished, will require the construction of a new floating dock — the largest now in England is not able to support a ship of more than 60,000 tons — and, that she may be adequately berthed, Cunard's present landing stages on both sides of the Atlantic will have to be lengthened several hundred feet. Finally, to afford her a safe passage to the sea, £80,000 must be spent in dredging and improving the channel of her home port.

Another unfortunate thing about the big ship, especially to her owner, is that when she has outlived her usefulness in the North Atlantic she cannot be diverted or sold into another trade. Her size, which makes so few harbors available to her; her speed, which costs so much to maintain; and her small cargo space — any one of these prevents her ever being employed anywhere else.

The vessel upon which the main burden of America's sea-pride rested for many years was the *Leviathan*. Perhaps no ship has had a history so full of changes as hers. Now that the *Leviathan* has been taken off the sea, let us review it.

The steamship *Vaterland* finished building early in 1914. She was the last blow Germany was to strike, under the cover of peace, for the supremacy of the North Atlantic. When she went upon her maiden voyage war clouds were thick at sea. The Kaiser, mad as Columbus, was calling himself "The Admiral of the Atlantic," and the Hamburg-American Line was challenging England's dominion in the North Atlantic with two other monstrous ships, the

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Imperator, built in 1912, and the *Bismarck*, then being laid down.

When the *Vaterland* finished her third passage westward and was discharging at Hoboken, the war broke out. She was interned, and three years later our government seized her, stripped her of her furnishings, and armed her. As *United States Transport Number 1326* she carried thousands of Americans to Europe to fight against the country which built her.

When the war ended, she was tied up again at Hoboken. It was necessary to decide at once what should be done with her. Kept in idleness, she cost $700,000 in a year; to recondition her so that she might carry passengers again would be many times as expensive. Finally, however, this was done at a cost of $10,071,770, and the *Vaterland* went to sea as the *Leviathan*, the flagship of the United States Lines and the largest ship afloat. At first, she figured in several accidents, which, although they were such as any ship of her size is liable to, made it seem that she was, at least, an unlucky vessel. In time, however, she grew into general favor; never, though, was she able to earn anything toward her reconditioning cost.

When Mr. Chapman secured the United States Lines, he was required by his contract with the Shipping Board to send the *Leviathan* upon not fewer than thirteen voyages each year. Soon, despite the great sums he spent advertising and redecorating her and building into her a night club with peach and gold walls, he was losing on each of six of these voyages from $60,000 to $100,000. When he was unable to continue with the line, the Shipping Board asked every large shipowner in the country to take it over. All refused, being unwilling to undertake the operation of the *Leviathan* and her three German sisters. In the end, to dispose of the line, the Shipping Board agreed to take back the three, *George Washington*, *America*, and *Republic*, and to require only seven sailings annually by the *Leviathan*.

Late in 1931, the dispute about which was the largest ship afloat, the *Majestic* or the *Leviathan*, was ended. The *Leviathan* was made smaller. How? Simply by altering and removing parts of her housing. (The gross tonnage of a ship is not a measure of *weight*, but of enclosed *space*.) She was reduced from a ship of 59,956 gross tons to one of 48,590, smaller than both the *Majestic* and the *Berengaria*. Her ownership thenceforward would save $40,000 of the port dues they had been paying yearly, but the *Leviathan* had lost her great claim to eminence.

Suddenly, this spring, her new owners asked the Shipping Board to allow them, in defiance of their contract, to remove the *Leviathan* from service. The request was granted; the great *Leviathan* is left like a whale stranded on our shores. How much wiser it would have been if we had returned her to Germany immediately after the war. She has cost us millions of dollars, besides the $13,000,000 reparation payment we made to them for her; she has been, since the day she was ours, a financial burden to the government or to whomever else owned her, whether she was at sea or laid up. We claimed her, sent her to sea, and kept her there, simply that we might have the distinction of owning the largest ship afloat. First we abandoned the distinction, which was always a false one, and now we have given up the ship.

The truth is that a ship the size of the *Leviathan* is too big for this time, as surely as the *Great Eastern*, the 20,000-ton ship of seventy years ago, was too big for hers. There is not to-day, nor has there ever been, a trade which demands ships of 60,000 tons. However, ships of this size are being built and will continue to be built.

The nature of competition in the North Atlantic is greatly responsible for this. The shipowners, to protect themselves from themselves, are members of a conference which fixes passenger fares. This avenue for competition being cut off they must turn up another, and the only other is to build ships more attractive than those of their rivals either in size, speed, or luxuriousness of furnishings. Once this sort of competition is begun, there can never be an end to it. The finest reason for building a ship of 70,000 tons that any shipowner may ever have is that a competitor has just built one of 65,000 tons.

Another reason for the building of big ships is their potential wartime value. No shipowner, at least in this country, can exist without government aid. But to secure it, whether it be a direct subsidy or a mail contract, he must practically take the government into business with him; and what the government wants is a number of fast, modern merchant ships

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which can be used, in the event of war, as naval auxiliaries. So when the government awards him a mail contract, the shipowner, as his part of the bargain, undertakes to build two ships, say, faster and larger than any he already has, and the government lends him most of their construction cost. When designs for the ships are drawn, the government goes over them carefully to satisfy itself about their gun emplacements, stability, and possibility of conversion. Eventually, the shipowner, providing he has not become bankrupt in the meantime, trying to match one dollar of his own to every three of the government's, is the *owner* of two new liners in which his government owns a three-quarters' interest. Ships built in this way have only a theoretical existence as naval auxiliaries, but they exercise an unfortunately real effect on peacetime merchant shipping.

It is questionable whether the big ships now afloat will be as useful, in the event of another war, as it is claimed they will be. We need not theorize here; we may make deductions from the last war. Prior to it, a number of express liners had been built and subsidized with the idea that they would be suitable for naval conversion. But as soon as war began, it was found they were unable to perform according to the plans that had been laid down for them. Because their great draught prevented their using small harbors, refueling and repairing them was tremendously difficult. The first operation was attempted at sea, but without much success; it was troublesome and liable to damage the ship; and in at least one instance a large liner while refueling was discovered in this tied and helpless position and sunk by a slow enemy cruiser. The engines of these ships, which for years had been carefully tended and regularly overhauled, were so strained by forced cruising that, when they finally reached a port they could enter, their speed had been cut in half, and they were fit only to be laid up.

Mr. Frank C. Bowen, in *A Century of Atlantic Travel*, after detailing the wartime experiences of several transatlantic liners, writes: "It was not long before the navies of both sides were convinced that they had made a big mistake in spending so much money on subsidizing the biggest express ships." And of those ships commissioned as auxiliary cruisers, he says: "They were not fighting ships in any sense of the word and they proved conclusively that merchantmen never can be."

During the war, big ships were useful in transport and hospital work. But this service could have been performed by cheaper ships. A merchant ship costing $30,000,000 should not be abroad at all in wartime; it is impossible to arm her adequately and her loss or capture is a calamity out of all proportion to any service she may possibly perform. To convert her to naval use, practically her whole interior, which represents such a great proportion of her cost, must be torn out. And that means that if she is afloat at the end of the war, the cost of reconditioning her so that she may return to passenger service reaches into millions.

Merchant ships that are obsolete and have been contributing to the oversupply of tonnage during peacetime are, in war, of one indubitable use: filled with cement and sunk, they make excellent protective barriers in harbors and channels.

III

From the deep of the depression, who will declare what lies ahead of the North Atlantic steamship? In the summer of 1932, passenger totals were believed to have struck bottom, but this summer, between the ascendancy of Hitler in Germany and the decline of the dollar in Europe, they have been a third lower than they were then. Ships are being occupied mainly by their crews. There is considerable talk now among the transatlantic shipowners of "rationalization"; that is, of arranging fewer sailings, reducing tonnage, and not building more ships. In short, of managing their business with common sense and some regard for one another. Lord Essenden, the new Director of the White Star Line, asserting that "something must be done," begs for "international co-operation" and condemns the "crudeness" of the time-honored shipowners' policy of the "survival of the fittest." But so far, even though all are agreed that some ships must be removed from service, none have been willing to cancel a sailing which had any prospect of attracting passengers enough to make it profitable.

Recently, answering a question about the immediate future of transatlantic shipping, Sir Percy Bates, the Chairman of the Cunard Line,

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began, "The Atlantic is the ocean of surprises. . . ." No statement about the future of North Atlantic shipping should ever begin otherwise. It is something that in the past has never been foretold accurately. And to-day, when the model of the forty-knot ship has already spanned its experimental tank; when a transatlantic system of sea-dromes with six-acre landing decks, seven in number, anchored five hundred miles apart, is being financed; when models of helium-ballasted, fish-shaped planes a thousand feet long, that will carry four hundred persons across the Atlantic in a night, are being exhibited in store windows; when regular transatlantic passages by dirigible and occasional ones by rocket are being proposed — who will dare try to foretell the future of Atlantic transportation? The manner in which two years ago we hailed the *Bremen* and the *Europa* will very likely seem as extravagant sometime as the toast which Josiah Quincy proposed in 1840 at the testimonial dinner in Boston that followed the ship *Britannia's* transatlantic passage of fourteen days and eight hours: "To the memory of Time and Space, famous in their generation, they have been annihilated by the steam engine." (This *Britannia* is the same cockleshell which a few years ago we saw drawn to scale alongside the *534*!)

One thing about the schemes mentioned above for future Atlantic transportation should be noticed: only one of them is concerned with shipping. This much, therefore, may be hazarded: should any or all of them be effected, the great North Atlantic liner, dependent as she is upon the patronage of the traveling nobility, the very class who will be the first to take to the air, will find herself obsolete. Perhaps then she will be stripped of her luxurious cabins and furnishings and sent out to seek cargo.

But before that sad day ever comes, the North Atlantic may lose its political and historical greatness to another sea, and the problem of its passage, either by air or water, will be changed in a manner that we cannot foresee.

SONG

The mind is cool and clear
and knows the worth of love;
it swings within a groove
as rigid and austere

as that of any star
exact upon the sky.
But the hot heart is assailed
by anguish and by war;

the heart that is at most
scarce-balanced on the dark
must cry into the wind
and hear its crying lost.

FRANCES FROST

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RADIO REVIEWS

Between Seasons

BY CYRUS FISHER

THE SUMMER season wilts in August. Sponsors retire into conferences. Production executives recover in various asylums. Radio stars trek to Hollywood to perpetuate their genius on celluloid or to seek the woods and dells where they can learn to fondle pipes and dogs for publicity pictures to be issued in December. The winter season doesn't really begin to propagate until sometime during October. This month is remarkable only for the general virulence of its mosquitoes and factotums on radio happy-time hours, all equally intent upon extracting their measure of nourishment from anyone unwary enough to sit down within listening radius of a receiving set.

MR. WHITEMAN'S GIGANTOSAURUS

The Kraft Program — with Paul Whiteman, featuring Paul Whiteman's orchestra, Deems Taylor (Master of Ceremonies), Al Jolson, and various fledgling guest artists. Sweetser, production. Sponsored by Kraft Phenix Cheese Corporation. About 5 minutes' advertising. NBC. WEAF network. 10:00–11:00 P.M. EDST. (Please check the time for this and following reviews, as we go through all the confounded machinery of switching back to standard time shortly after this issue of THE FORUM appears.) Every Thursday.

Mr. Paul Whiteman has reconstructed another Gigantosaurus from the Mesozoic age of radio — that period all of ten years ago when the huge, lumbering, two- and three-hour programs were as common as the word "normalcy." Al Jolson appears in another fantastic conglomeration of puns, build-ups, tear-jerkers, and several come-all-ye-brethren songs — the latter with curious appeal to them. The rest of the program consists of Mr. Whiteman's self-conscious interpretations out of Tin-pan Alley and the classics, and vocalizing from his protégés, for whom he still is ponderously solicitous. They should be able to wipe their noses by now without assistance, if ever. Mr. Deems Taylor pops in and out many times, but even his cheerful little wheezes cannot cover the fact that Mr. Whiteman's music, while fluently colorful, is no longer new enough to startle life into a dead Gigantosaurus.

THE WIDE OPEN SPACES

Bar X Days and Nights, with Carson Robison and his Buckaroos and dramatic cast, including John Battle, Millie June, Kenneth Daigneau, and Stephen Fox. David Ross, announcer. Parsonnet, director. Loesch, production. Hagberg, engineer. Nichols, sound effects. Fraser, continuity. Sustaining program — no advertising. CBS. National. 8:30–9:00 P.M. EDST. Every Friday.

Take one third cowboy songs by Maestro Carson Robison and his Buckaroos, shake well with two thirds pulp-paper cowboy stories, and, despite the expert manipulation of Columbia's first string production staff, Parsonnet, Loesch, and Nichols, you still have exactly what you started with — very sour hokum. Mr. Robison has stated that he is afraid the city person's reaction to his efforts is still slightly disdainful. It's the good, God-fearing, true American country folk who appreciate the sincerity and worth of "Bar X Days and Nights." New Jersey truck-gardeners, perhaps. Hell, Mr. Robison, I was brought up in the west.

Death Valley Days, with John White, Tim Frawley, Jack McBryde, and additional cast. Orchestra under direction of Joseph Bonime. George Hicks, announcer. Whitney, production. Clements, engineer. Sax, sound effects. Cornwall, continuity. Sponsored by Pacific Coast Borax Company. 3 minutes' advertising time. NBC. National WJZ network. 9:00–9:30 P.M. EDST. Every Thursday.

Miss Ruth Cornwall has followed the F. Marion Crawford style of historical research in dramatizing the historical incidents centering around Death Valley. There are cowboy caterwaulings at the beginning, and then the old prospector babbles reminiscently about the early days, fading into the actual drama. This

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formula has been used several hundred times before. Mr. Whitney could have more actively assisted Miss Cornwall if he had struck out the present-day opening and ending, insisted on a more realistic version of incident, and provided the program with a cast which has less singular ideas concerning Spanish and Western accents and the dramatic value of mugging their lines.

Saving the Day for Good Old NBC

Ray Perkins' Radio Parade, with Master of Ceremonies Ray Perkins, pick-up cast, and Louis Katzman's orchestra. Howard Claney, announcer. Sustaining program — no advertising. NBC. National WEAF network. On only once.

Although it was announced in the newspapers a month or so ahead of time that the Lucky Strike Hour would close, you must sympathize with NBC officials, because they aren't supposed to read newspapers. So when the time came for the Lucky Strike Hour to go on and, well, it wasn't there, everyone in the studio should be complimented for realizing something had to be done pretty quick. Ray — that's Mr. Perkins — rushed in and said there's a big empty hour leaking over the wires, and Howard Claney seized the microphone in the nick of time and said here's Ray Perkins' Radio Parade. Just like that. So Ray, in that funny, growly voice of his, repeated quips he'd remembered from other programs; the "Raising Junior" Dixons did a cute little sketch which wasn't hardly nauseating at all; and more studio talent appeared. They were all as cute as Mr. Perkins. I hope CBS will not inform NBC that Lucky Strike is vacationing. Mr. Perkins and his assistant life-savers might plan ahead for future programs, and that wouldn't be fair to them. They'll never be able to recapture the unpremeditated, tiresome wooziness of their first attempt.

Substitutions

Gulf Headliners, featuring Arthur Brisbane. (Please refer to July, 1933, reviews for program data.) NBC. Eastern and southern regional WJZ network. 9:00–9:30 P.M. EDST. Every Sunday.

When the twelve-minute, mid-program spot was vacated by that lovable cowboy-philosopher Mr. Will Rogers, Mr. Arthur Brisbane shuttled into the opening. He punches out his observations on life and politics in a crisp monotone, sprinkling his doses with tags of standard textbook history and doing it very well, too, but when he stated, "We are living in a world of change — old ideas are being thrown overboard," and in the next breath learnedly assured us that the three men of our times who would be remembered are Ford, Rockefeller, and Edison, there came a dullish splash as the Great Thinker dropped overboard along with all those old ideas.

Texaco Fire-Chief Program, with Taylor Holmes, Gustav Carlson, and Larry Butler. Graham McNamee didn't take a vacation. (Please refer to July, 1932 — My! how time flies — reviews for program data.) NBC. National WEAF network. 9:30–10:00 P.M. EDST. Still every Tuesday.

It was beginning to clatter after sixty-three frenzied weeks of Mr. Ed Wynn, but Mr. Taylor Holmes' farcical deftness as the "Fire-Chief's Uncle" re-oils the Texaco program. Mr. Holmes maliciously parodies the departed Fire-Chief's flittery mannerisms, broaches a whole new bottle of comic *roulades*, and deports himself with such scandalous, stuttering success for a mere substitute that Mr. Wynn might well wish it were not he but Mr. Holmes who is making faces in Hollywood. There are nine minutes of the Fire-Chief's Uncle, including assistance from Mr. McNamee. The remaining twenty-one minutes could have gone to Hollywood, too; Mr. Carlson dampens six minutes with a standardized three-a-day Swede dialect part; a youth sang for no other apparent reason than that he was a protégé of Mr. McNamee; and Mr. Vorhees' excellent music disintegrated into a number of putty fillers.

All in Fun

"*Let's Listen to Harris*," featuring Phil Harris and his orchestra and Leah Ray. Tom Hanlon, announcer, with special heart-to-heart talks between us women about a delicate personal matter by Mrs. Ruth Miller, "famous fashion adviser." So now, Schiaparelli, Patou, Lanvin and Jane Régny! Sponsored by the makers of Odorono. 3 minutes', 45 seconds' advertising time. NBC. National WJZ network. 9:00–9:30 P.M. EDST. Every Friday.

There are nine numbers on the half hour; Mr. Harris introduces the few which he does not take unto himself in a deep-down-deep singing voice, somewhat resembling the sounds produced by a loose bass viol string attached to a cigar box. When his raggedly mediocre orchestra thoughtlessly spreads the tunes out of the

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cigar box range, nothing daunted he talks the songs instead of singing them. Coy Miss Leah Ray is his foil. She calls him "darling"; he calls her "honey"; and they are always threatening to stop the show and go out on the porch and look at the moon or into each other's eyes, but before you worry too much about their amorous longings they assure you it's all in fun. Miss Ray sings, too. All in fun. If you are not one of the palpitating sub-debs in the Oshkosh-Petaluma range, you may think the Harris-Ray-Miller songs and chatter rather tediously vulgar. All in fun, to be sure. About the commercials: Come now, Mrs. Ruth Miller, wasn't that "famous fashion adviser" just in fun, too?

Bright Consolations, Past and Present

Philadelphia Summer Concerts Orchestra, with guest conductors Hans Kindler, Howard Barlow, David Mendoza, Alexander Smallens, Erno Rapee, and Eugene Ormandy. Norris West, announcer. Anspach, production. Sustaining program. CBS. National network. Saturdays and Sundays; eight-week season, July 8–August 27.

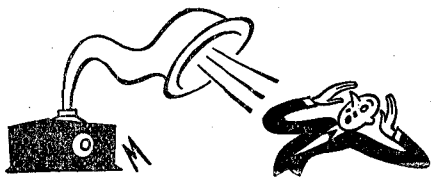
These summer concerts, after a diet of warm-weather dance bands, are like cold, dry, very dry, champagne—exhilarating, and completely lacking in the cloying aftertaste which distinguishes even the best of the carbonated melodies. The time is long enough for five or six selections. There has been such tantalizing variety from the staunch old favorites, *Carmen* and *Il Trovatore* to the brittle *Marche Slave* and the lusty *Merry Wives of Windsor*, plus the undercurrent of excitement in comparing the styles of the directors, that this has been the most agreeable musical program for the summer. Mr. West is a satisfactorily succinct announcer.

The Goldman Band, featuring Edwin Franko Goldman and his 62-piece band. Milton Cross and John S. Young, alternating announcers. Sustaining program. NBC. National WJZ network. Time varies from week to week.

If you've had too much brass from a superabundance of Souza records and Mr. B. A. Rolfe, permit Mr. Goldman to revise your conceptions of band concerts. Even such pernods as the *Poet and Peasant Overture* find a restrained richness and, yes, newness of development. The announcers: Mr. Cross is inclined to be prosaic; Mr. Young's descriptions are compressed and vivid.

Light Opera Gems, directed by Channing Collinge, with chorus, guest soloists, and symphony orchestra. Sustaining program. CBS. National network. 10:45–11:15 P.M. EDST. Every Tuesday.

By adroit selection and rapid verbal résumés of omitted material (four sequences from the opera totaling twenty-four minutes and only three minutes or less of interpolated explanations!), Mr. Collinge creates the lively flow of a *complete* light opera within thirty minutes. The studio symphony orchestra appears to be thoroughly rehearsed; chorus and soloists are charming and they sing so you can understand the words. I like the words in a light opera, don't you?



Signing Off

Three better-than-usual regionals for the family: "Miss Lilla" is far and away Emett Gowen's sprightliest piece of continuity (WJZ Tuesdays, 10:30 P.M. EDST.); Montague Glass' perennial "Potash and Perlmutter," now on the air, is more amusing than you might think it would be (WJZ Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, 8:30 P.M. EDST.); and the too-little-appreciated pair "Bill and Ginger" have their own show at last (WABC 10:15 A.M. EDST. Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays).

Technical Note: Dr. Vladimar Zworykin's new television device, the Iconoscope, should speed up Mr. Coulson's July Forum predictions for television by two years. I expect to write my first review of a television program by next January.

Progress of Captain Dobbsie Note: This most important "Don't," with the exception of Seth Parker, has now possessed himself of a sponsored national program!

The summer's "Best": Philadelphia "Pop" Concerts. This month's "Best": "Light Opera Gems."

This month's "Don't": Phil Harris, Leah Ray, and the fashion expert's panic-provoking admonitions against what the Greeks called "ἰδρώς," Anglo-Saxon's "swāt," and ladies on the air try to frighten you about.

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OUR ROSTRUM

These columns are open to brief letters commenting upon any article or subject that has appeared in The Forum. Because of space limitations, the Editor must reserve the right to publish letters only in part.

A Letter to President Roosevelt

My dear Mr. President,

The Forum Publishing Company, Inc., publishers of The Forum, is very happy to subscribe to the President's NRA code.

We have been on a 35-hour, 5-day-week schedule for the past *three* years. And although reductions in salaries have been necessary to our continued economic existence, we have somewhat mitigated their effect by the adoption of a self-imposed "employee plan" on January 1, 1932.

Under the terms of the Forum Plan, all employees are insured against the hazards of any accident or sickness, from whatever cause. The cost of this insurance is shared by the employees and the Company. In addition, there is an "Unemployment Reserve Fund," into which employees have paid 2% of their stipend, another 2% being added by the Company. On July 1 we increased the rate of accretion to 4%. Thus 8% of all salaries and wages is held as a reserve against a possible rainy day. As wages increase we hope to accelerate the rate of "enforced" saving to at least 10%.

All employees who have been dropped since January 1, 1932 have received 25% of their wage for six months, or until they have found other employment. Under this provision of our plan we pay a minimum of $10 weekly.

The Forum Plan has imposed no burden of cost upon the organization, and our employees have accorded it their hearty support.

We hope that one day every American employer will see fit to enter into some similar arrangement with his employees. Our plan is not the last word on the subject, but it is well adapted to a small organization, and we have discovered that it actually does work.

With every good wish,

Sincerely yours,

Henry Goddard Leach

New York, N. Y.

Religious Definitions

To the Editor:

The difficulty and bewilderment which Miss Pickford expresses in the last two paragraphs of her article ("What Religion Means to Me," August Forum) are typical of the lack of logic and the lack of courage which characterize the thinking about religion of very many persons to-day. She thinks that the world needs religion more than anything else, but religion without definitions. In at least two other places in the article she expresses similar dislike for definitions. As a matter of fact, a definition is merely a rational and systematic statement of either articles of belief or rules of conduct. Unless one's religious and moral beliefs are capable of statement in precise and comprehensive terms, they are irrational and of little practical value. After decrying definitions, Miss Pickford proceeds to give two of her own, namely, that the end of life is perfection, and the rule of life "Love God and your neighbor." These formulas are good so far as they go, but as statements or definitions they are incomplete.

The only alternative to the acceptance of exact definitions of articles of belief and rules of conduct is an attitude and practice of mental and moral laziness, futility and bewilderment.

John A. Ryan, D.D.

Washington, D. C.

A Thump on the Back

To the Editor:

Had my two years' renewal of The Forum subscription not been sent ten days before the arrival of the August issue, with your "Religion and Recovery" editorial and the Mary Pickford article, well . . . I'd have been hi-jacking some friend for the renewal price . . . had there been no other way.

Man, that's great stuff of yours, and hers! We ought to thank the dead gods of *laissez faire* for the unmitigated mess they made of things, out of which could emerge a present leadership with guts and words, adequate for showing in behalf of all the people that religion is life, love, light, co-operation, good will, and everything else. Yes, America is going religious, thanks to the traditional common sense of the common people when issues are put in their laps for adjustment, as in the "patience, conscience, and intelligence" test they are meeting in the call of NIRA.

No sir, you need not extend my subscription for this salutation; it's just a thump on the back, meaning we're on our way up and out, as a "peepul," and, by George, there is dawning a pretty clear vision of where we are going!

E. F. Daugherty, D.D.

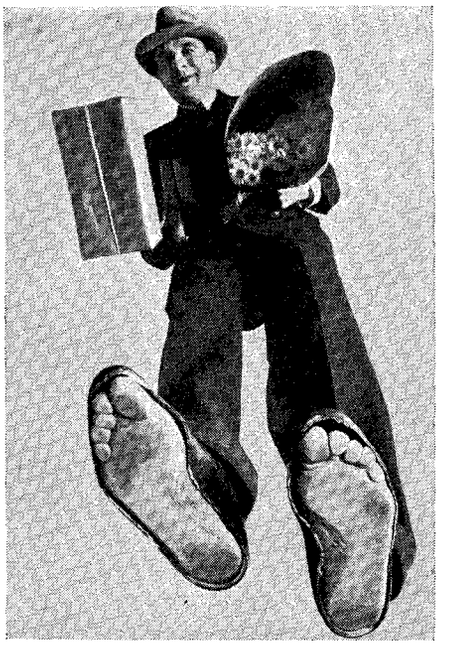
Muncie, Ind.

Miracles and Wonders

To the Editor:

The socialists and sociologists are a most remarkable genus of people, as Mr. Edward C. Aswell ("The Social Revolution," July Forum) bears witness. He is able to perform greater miracles and wonders than the prophets of old.

If we are to believe him he would



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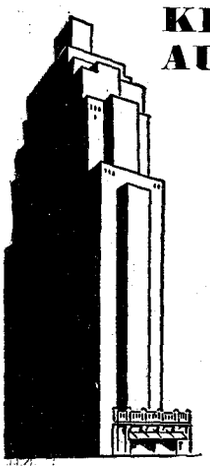

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remold the world nearer to the heart's desire without the customary benefit of Mother Earth, for he makes no mention of land. Does he intend to rear a Utopia out of what Marx called the "surplus value"?

Or shall we classify him as Tolstoy classified certain reformers, i. e., that he will do anything to help the workers except get off their backs?

JOHN C. ROSE

Pittsburgh, Pa.

OUR SOCIAL CONSCIENCE

To the Editor:

As a young man no less concerned with the fate and future of civilization than Edward C. Aswell, I read with considerable interest his article on "The Social Revolution," in the July FORUM.

The "social conscience" is of some concern to the young man. The Church and the State, to him, seem the only two possibilities for the development of a social conscience, but he does not appear to be overly enthusiastic about the ability of either agency to attain the end aimed at. Mr. Aswell left out the School — education — the one and only institution for building a sure and permanent social conscience. I grant that time and effort are needed for such accomplishment — but "Rome wasn't built in a day," and no reform that was worth while was ever successfully crammed down the throats of the people.

DONALD E. BIRD

Moorhead, Minn.

BANK LEDGER DOLLARS

To the Editor:

"The Place of Banking in Society," by Francis H. Sisson, in the July FORUM, is of great interest. Mr. Sisson's ability as reporter and editorial writer has enabled him to tell the story of banking in an entertaining and instructive way, but he has carefully avoided touching on one point which seems vital to me: the vast expansion of circulating medium by the banks in the form of what, for lack of a better term, may be called "bank ledger dollars."

I quote from the last paragraph on page 16: "The banks are able to extend these loans because a great many people deposit money with them." And then he points to the 9½ billions of capital funds of the 25,000 banking institutions of the United States, and the deposits of 54½ billions, making a total of some 64 billions "entrusted to them by the people." Certainly not all of this 64 billions was "money" which "a great many people" deposited with the bankers.

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OUR ROSTRUM

the form of money which, for convenience, we shall consider coin, currency, checks, and drafts immediately convertible into cash. Chester A. Phillips, in *Bank Credit*, calls the latter "primary deposits," and those which result directly from borrowing derivative deposits.

Mr. Phillips shows that for an individual bank the loans made because of an increase in primary deposits cannot much exceed the amount of such deposits; but for the banking system as a whole increased primary deposits permit loans of, say, ten times as much. This he calls the riddle of banking and proceeds to solve it, concluding one portion of his argument: "It follows that for the banking system deposits are chiefly the offspring of loans. For an individual bank, loans are the offspring of deposits."

It occurs to me that the banks by making loans which result in derivative deposits are able, when acting in concert, to expand or contract the circulating medium to an alarming extent. Witness the billions of call loans in 1929, while the bull market was on, and the stupendous contraction when the market broke.

CHARLES Q. DE FRANCE
Lincoln, Neb.

MODERNIZING OUR CLINICS

To the Editor:

With reference to the fine article "Why State Medicine is Necessary," by Edgar Sydenstricker (July FORUM), this thesis can be agreed with in its general statement of conditions and indication of need for correction.

The people for whom we are trying to provide some plan of state medicine are largely those who shun our present public infirmaries and clinics because they are overcrowded and, in too many instances, only partially scientific. These people do not go to a private practitioner because of lack of funds. If our present public clinics were made adequate, we would have a direct approach to the goal desired. Our public infirmaries are trying to struggle along with the equipment of a quarter of a century ago. Why not bring them up to indicated requirements?

HUBERT C. KNIGHT, D.D.S.
Syracuse, New York

THE LAST STRAW

To the Editor:

I'm not so vain that I believe anyone cares what I may think is the last straw, but the unfair accusation Mr. Waters made against the high school English teacher in his article, "A Little Old Lady Passes Away" (July FORUM), fired me to resolve never to read another such criticism without trying to defend that "well-meaning but misdirected" creature. (You have guessed correctly — I am an English teacher.)

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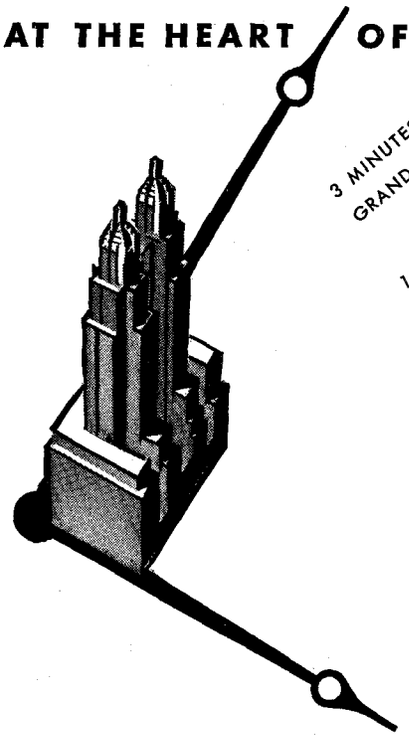

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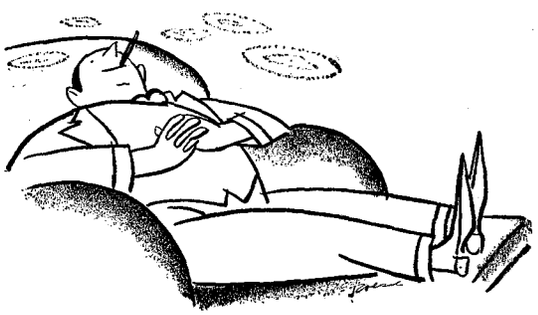

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OUR ROSTRUM

Just why are we English teachers killing "the little old lady" when we ask our pupils to write familiar essays? What are we to have our "fuzzy-lipped brats" write instead of the informal essay? Just because all girls aren't a Helen Wills Moody do we forbid their trying to play tennis? If the pupil who is asked to write an informal essay chooses a simple subject in which he is interested and about which he knows something, no matter how insignificant, the resulting essay won't hurt Montaigne nor Lamb, and it may not even be so dreadfully boring.

Mr. Waters regrets no more than I that "the little old lady has faded away," but in the expression of his sorrow he needn't be so thoughtless when he places the blame for her death.

CAROLINE HABERES

Alton, Ill.

THE FLY IN THE OINTMENT

To the Editor:

The July number of FORUM impresses me as a jar of most excellent ointment wherein there is a fly of notable magnitude. The fly is John P. Waters' article, "A Little Old Lady Passes Away."

I dislike Mr. Waters' allusion to "fuzzy-lipped brats" and "pubescent illiterates." As a high school teacher — doubtless, therefore, to be included in the category of illiterates — I have an abiding faith that my pupils' loyalty to me would cause them to rise in wrath were epithets of this caliber applied to me in private; my sense of loyalty to them impels me to resent these flung publicly in their faces. Besides, I know that my colleagues, the teachers of English, assign short stories and verse quite as frequently as they do familiar essays. Appleton has published an anthology, *Younger Poets*, made up entirely of verse written by high school students. Would Mr. Waters contend that the short story and poetry have been done to death because adolescent writers have experimented with them?

Besides, again, is it a foregone conclusion that a few months' intermission between the publication of volumes of informal essays or the absence of the form from a few issues of a few periodicals must be taken as conclusive evidence that "the little old lady" has gone for keeps? Poetry took a long nap during the first decade of the present century, but how refreshed it was when it rose. When Byron died, it might have been proclaimed that satire was no more — but Chesterton and Dorothy Parker and Samuel Hoffenstein can turn out a pungent line.

Many of us there are who love the "little old lady," but we are not worried about her demise or even her health; she is quite robust, thank you.

BERT LEACH

Portsmouth, O.

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THE
FORUM
AND · CENTURY

HENRY GODDARD LEACH, *Editor*

Next Month

A SOCIAL WORKER VIEWS THE SALOON

Lillian Wald

An experienced observer (she was for many years head of the Henry Street Settlement House in New York) reviews conditions among the working classes, before and after Prohibition. Here are some important conclusions from facts which are being generally overlooked.

WHAT IS THE NEW LITERATURE ABOUT?

Mary Colum

What is the significance of the word "modern" when applied to literature? Mrs. Colum has written a lucid and sympathetic account of the influence of recent philosophy and psychology on poetry and prose fiction.

DUMBING IT DOWN

H. T. Webster

The author of the "They don't speak our language" cartoons has "laid us an erg" in the form of a fascinating review of American slang. If you know the meaning of "keister," "gobo," and "switcheroo," if you know what "the old McGoo" is — you won't want to read it.

THE SHEEP AND THE GOATS

Drew Pearson

One of the conductors of that able smart-chat column, "Washington Merry-Go-Round," which appears in numerous newspapers, comments upon political appointments under the New Deal. This is a fair and unbiased report, depending upon known facts, rather than opinion.

IMMUNITY BY EXPOSURE

Alicia O'Reardon Overbeck

Should children be given free rein in the search for pleasure? Or should parents try to give them practical knowledge of the realities of life? Mrs. Overbeck discusses this on the basis of her own experience.

BROWNSTONE FRONT

Guy Gilpatric

A new short story, by a popular writer. An interesting tale of politics in the Tweed manner in earlier New York and of Cornelius Van Schuyck, whose "Van" was synthetic.

SOCIALIZED MEDICINE

Wingate M. Johnson

This answer to Mr. Sydenstricker's article, which appeared in the July FORUM, sets forth the arguments for leaving the profession in the hands of its practitioners.

OTHER FEATURES

An account of the closely knit arms and munitions industries of the world, by Vita and Joseph Friend; the story of Robert M. Hutchins of Chicago University, by Milton S. Mayer; a discussion of the new textile material, "ramie," by John Langdon-Davies; a poem by Haniel Long; *The Folly of Home Owning*, by an owner.

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TOASTS

PEARL S. BUCK, known for her novels, *The Good Earth* and *Sons*, and for her mission work in China, is at present traveling in Europe. She plans to return to China in October.

LAUREN GILFILLAN, the young Smith graduate who last year wrote an article for THE FORUM about striking coal miners, has since written a book on the same subject.

MARY COLUM, wife of the Irish poet and dramatist, Padraic Colum, has studied extensively in France, and in 1930 won the Guggenheim Fellowship in literary criticism. She is also a short-story writer. Her article this month is the first of a series for THE FORUM on contemporary culture. Mrs. Colum is now living in Nice, France.

JOHN LANGDON-DAVIES, who is the author of *Man and His Universe* and *Man Comes of Age*, has lectured throughout America for the last nine years and is now a permanent resident of New York.

CLARE LEIGHTON has received high praise among the younger English artists. Her woodcuts have appeared before in THE FORUM.

MORDECAI EZEKIEL is a Virginian and is thirty-four years old. Since March, he has been Economic Adviser to Secretary of Agriculture Wallace. He specializes in economic and statistical research and has written extensively.

ROBERT HILLYER is Associate Professor of English at Harvard. He is the author of *Riverhead*, a novel. His *Collected Verse* will be published some time this autumn.

ELIZABETH M. BISGOOD, whose *Twelve Strangers in the Night* appeared in the September FORUM, lives in St. James, Long Island, with her husband and young daughter. She is writing a novel.

ROY MATHEW FRISEN is a native of Philadelphia and has done newspaper work in Hawaii for eleven years. He is now a writer for *Nippu Jiji*, an English-section, bilingual, Hawaiian daily.

MARGARET DOTY was born in Petoskey, Michigan, and lives in New York. She was formerly a newspaper woman there and in Detroit. She is not a Communist.

THE ANONYMOUS author of "The Last Drop of Blood" is a graduate of Wellesley College. She gave up a magazine position last March in favor of free-lancing.

FRED I. KENT is a Director of the Bankers' Trust Company of New York, President of the Council of New York University, a member of the Finance Department of the U. S. Chamber of Commerce, and of the Executive Committee of the National Foreign Trade Council. He is also a member of the National Institute of Social Sciences and has received decorations from the French and Italian governments.

CYRUS FISHER spends most of his spare time playing Spadowieszcz.

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

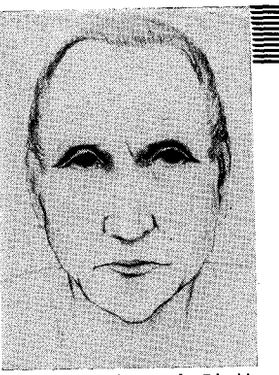
THE MIRRORS OF WALL STREET, Anonymous (Putnam, $2.50). In the past few years a dozen books have toppled the political idols in Washington from their pedestals. It was evident that the great minds of finance would come next. According to the irreverent gentleman who has undertaken the job, the wizards of Wall Street are more directly and personally responsible for what has befallen us than they — or, for that matter, most economists — would care to admit. Bernard Baruch is his one hero, with Winthrop Aldrich of the Chase Bank as runner-up. Otherwise, the former titans receive scant shrift. Morgan, Rockefeller, the unlamented Mr. Mitchell, Thomas Lamont, George F. Baker, William Chapman Potter, Otto H. Kahn, Clarence Dillon, Walter Chrysler, Eugene Meyer, and Charles G. Dawes are, for the most part, presented before the mirror in distinctly unflattering poses. Their characters are acidly sketched in, details of their stupidity or their chicanery revealed. *The Mirrors of Wall Street* is an amusing, superficial, and rather shrewd book, obviously written by an insider and obviously well-timed.

TWENTY YEARS A-GROWING, by Maurice O'Sullivan (Viking, $2.50). This enchantingly fresh and lovely book is the autobiography of a young Irish peasant who grew up on the Blasket Islands, off the coast of Kerry. Originally written in Irish, for the pleasure of his friends, it has been so sympathetically and adroitly translated that one can scarcely believe the flavor of the original has been impaired. In O'Sullivan's youth, before the war, there were some two hundred inhabitants of the Great Blasket, and their principal occupation was fishing. He was familiar with gulls and shining spaces of sea, with the simple native dances and ceremonials, with the wisdom of an unspoiled and singularly charming people. If fortune tossed a wreck, full of booty, near the Great Blasket, school was debonairly dismissed for as much as a whole month. Whenever adventure was afoot among the fishing fleet, all the old women would crouch on their haunches on the cliff tops in order that nothing might escape them. O'Sullivan describes this life with humor and unspoiled felicity, and his account of his first journey to Dublin is, in itself, a small masterpiece.

TO BE OR NOT TO BE, by Louis I. Dublin and Bessie Bunzel (Smith & Haas, $3.50). This study of suicide by the Statistician of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company and his assistant is both surprisingly thorough and surprisingly readable. Even the prevalence of charts and graphs is not as dampening as one might suppose. From these statistics one learns, for example, that more men die by their own hand than women; that the rate is exceptionally low for Negroes and Jews; that middle age, despite the newspaper emphasis on adolescent deaths, is a more susceptible period than youth; that the married are more immune than the single; that May is the month in which the most suicides take place. Dr. Dublin examines, as well, the attitudes which various religions and societies have adopted toward suicide in the past, the influences of environment, and the psychological maladjustments which are most likely to lead to self-destruction. His final recommendations for prevention are eminently sane, and his whole book is one which the mere layman can read with both pleasure and profit.

PRESENTING LILY MARS, by Booth Tarkington (Doubleday, Doran, $2.00). When Owen Gilbert, playwright, returned to his home town to find that family friendship compelled his polite attention to the ambitious talents of a stage-struck high school girl, he was both annoyed and embarrassed. And this pale young man continues in a state of helpless irritation as Lily Mars, in a series of incidents both ludicrous and amazing, manages in the space of a few weeks to steal the leading lady's rôle, her fiancé, and the hearts of all the male members of the cast of "Catalpa House." All this is made no more believable than one would expect of Mr. Tarkington, but the tale has a whimsical attractiveness. The pale playwright, however, is a big disappointment, presumably as much to himself as to the reader.

THE CRIME OF CUBA, by Carlton Beals (Lippincott, $3.00). Anyone interested in the causes lying back of the recent Cuban revolt will find an abundance of them in this book. Written obviously in the hope of bringing about the end of the Machado régime, it failed of its purpose only because the end came five days before the book's publication date. Mr. Beals' secondary purpose, to persuade Congress "to formulate a program which will permit the Cuban people to recover their sovereignty and to establish a government of law and order," has still to be accomplished. Toward his ends he has assembled an amazing and appalling array of facts, charges, and incriminating circumstances. His major premise is also his conclusion: that the basic responsibility for Cuba's economic and political distress lies at the door of the United States. To anyone who has any knowledge of Caribbean affairs or of Mr. Beals, there is little new in this thesis. The value of the book lies rather in its data than in its argument. Its author has named names, dates, places, relationships, and financial details as they are not used to being named. Sensational his book is,



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BOOKS IN BRIEF

badly organized, full of hate and horror, rather than measured judgment. Yet the very force of its material makes it an imposing document of accusation. Faced with its list of crimes, it would be difficult either to whitewash Machado or to have complete confidence in the unselfishness of the American guardianship.

THE FAULT OF ANGELS, by Paul Horgan (Harper, $2.50). The Harper Prize Novel turns out, this year, to be a delicately adroit satire about the aesthetic life of a middle-sized American city. (Rochester, to be exact.) The heroine, Nina, is a mad, charming, impulsive Russian, whose husband has just been made conductor of the Dorchester opera company. Distressed by the lack of soul in American life, Nina attempts to remedy the defect — even to the extent of converting the local millionaire and Maecenas into an American Tolstoy. Her engaging meddlesomeness in people's personal affairs has few lasting results, but for one crazy, glamorous winter she manages to shatter the calm and complacence of Dorchester's musical and social world. Nina is more convincing than so fantastic a character has any right to be, and Mr. Horgan's novel is genuinely witty and amusing.

THE SUMMER FLOOD, by Goronwy Rees (John Day, $2.50). This Welsh novel, written by a newcomer, is a moving and poetic tale of the psychological conflict between two young lovers whose passion is finally but tragically consummated. Its intensity is partially responsible for its excellence.

PORTRAIT OF A WOMAN, by John Hyde Preston (Harcourt, Brace, $2.00). Crisp and bright as it is, there is something singularly outdated about this tale of love and drinking along the fashionable Connecticut shore. Echoes of Hemingway, and even of Scott Fitzgerald, are disturbingly omnipresent, and the glamorous heroine who searches so desperately for true love is both a little old-fashioned and more than a little incredible. Mr. Preston is always amusing, and always writes well, but he reconstructs history more convincingly than he does modern life.

THE GOLD FALCON, Anonymous (Smith & Haas, $2.50). It is obviously with a side glance at Byron that the author of this novel (who has been accused of being Henry Williamson, but is more likely Robert Graves) has named his hero Manfred. A strange, provocative, and sometimes irritating book, it describes the attempt of a neurotic, war-diseased English poet to seek his personal salvation in New York. The names of literary celebrities, transparently disguised, pepper its pages, and the whole book is more

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

likely to be appreciated by the knowing than by the mere man on the street. It is original, and sometimes powerfully poetic, but on the whole it is a somewhat confused *tour de force*, which ranges irresponsibly from satire and burlesque to tragedy.

THE PROGRESS OF JULIUS, by Daphne du Maurier (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50). His motto "Something for nothing," Julius Levy was a ruthless superman gifted with the Midas touch. The son of a shrewd, French peasant and a dreamy, Algerian Jew, he climbed to the topmost financial heights in London, cruelly trampling upon everything and anybody that might impede his progress. As usual, there is an element of the morbid and the macabre in Miss Du Maurier's new novel, and though Julius is a logically consistent character, he is never quite real except in the admirable scenes of his boyhood.

THE FIRST WIFE, and Other Stories, by Pearl S. Buck (John Day, $2.50). This collection of Mrs. Buck's short stories contains all of the materials she employs so skillfully in the more extensive form of the novel. There are the same brief and accurate character studies, the simple and stark descriptions of physical and emotional crises, and the wealth of detail concerning the Oriental way of daily living, presented as matter-of-factly as ever, and in as lovely and musical prose. The book is divided into three groups of sketches, labeled according to subject: "Old and New," "Revolution," and "Flood." Of these, the most interesting is perhaps the first, describing the conflicts between the ancient and the modern Chinas, each with its own completed scheme for living so entirely out of key with the other. The author suggests no remedies, no paths of closer approach between warring civilizations, but simply presents facts as they are. In the overtones of the stories, however — the old mother cut off by centuries from the occidental education of her son, the bourgeois French girl married to the highborn Chinese, the idealistic student who returns to the alien and vulgar cupidity of his own family — there is not just the history of a social upheaval in China, but all the anguish of human misunderstanding as it is in any country in any age.

CARR, by Phyllis Bentley (Macmillan, $2.00). The Victorian age has progressed far enough backward in history to have become a time of romance, to have suffered a revival of its *decors*, and even to have got historical novels written about it. Miss Bentley's new book is such a conscious re-creation, a revealing study of the kind of people who made Victorian England, written with charm and relish as a simulated biography by a loving granddaughter. The setting of the story is the same as that of the author's recently successful *Inheritance*, but in this earlier book the historical and economic implications are left undeveloped. What we have here is a group of plain people, some of them extremely attractive, living a normal life of love and ambition, struggle, success and defeat. It has been Miss Bentley's pleasure to show us how precious is the life of an ordinary honest, lovable man — a difficult task, and perhaps a thankless one. She has depended for the color and drama of her book on the people who surround her hero, the vivid Cordelia, the pathetic and unforgettable Catherine, the gnarly Eastwood, and the disreputable Lomas. Carr himself, on whom they all, in a sense, depend, is neither striking nor strange. He has not even an eccentricity to express his human uniqueness. But Carr is the book, and the brief final chapter fixes, with an explicit thrust of irony, in the reader's consciousness forever, the average man.

ALL MEN ARE ENEMIES, by Richard Aldington (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50). Where, one wonders, has Richard Aldington buried the superb, passionate bitterness of *Death of a Hero*, the stinging satire of *The Colonel's Daughter*. Despite the beauty and subtlety of his style, and his own obvious sincerity, *All Men Are Enemies* is somehow a soft, lush novel, very disappointing to anyone who has hitherto admired Mr. Aldington for quite different qualities. Tony Clarendon, his hero, is a somewhat priggish young man eager to use his senses fully and to live a rich, free, complete life, untrammeled by the gods of the machine. Bitterly hurt and disillusioned by the war, he finally regains salvation by leaving his wife, with all her smug ideals, and recapturing the lost romance of his youth with an Austrian girl whom he had met on the island of Aeaea thirteen years ago and from whom the war had separated him. For Tony, it seems, love was enough. There is some very fine, sensitive writing in the book, mixed with considerable mawkishness, but on the whole it is impossible to accept Mr. Aldington's solutions or to approve his unexpected venture into frank romanticism. So good a writer cannot dodge his problems so easily.

LIVINGSTONES, by Derrick Leon (John Day, $2.50). Here is another cross-sectional novel in the Grand Hotel manner. It is an interesting, at times even an exciting, novel — and Mr. Leon has intertwined the threads of many diverse lives with skill and plausibility.

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Diphtheria is especially prevalent in November. The disease is caused by a germ that lodges *in the throat and later forms a* membrane. Death is frequently caused by strangulation and the agony of the struggling child beggars description. And if the child recovers, the disease leaves the heart and kidneys weaker.

Diphtheria is extremely contagious. Have your children's throats examined at the first suggestion of a cold or of a fever. Seek medical advice on having your children Schick-Tested and made immune by the Toxin-Antitoxin Treatment to the attack of Diphtheria.

Children who show by the Schick Test that they are liable to Diphtheria can be given at once the Toxin-Antitoxin Preventive Treatment. This treatment consists of three injections of Toxin-Antitoxin, one each week for three weeks.

The Schick Test does not make the child immune—but authorities agree that the Toxin-Antitoxin Treatment does. Experience shows that both test and treatments are painless and harmless.

The Schick Message is that if mothers and fathers and all others who love children will *help, this dread disease* that has blotted out thousands and thousands of lives can be wiped out. Children need not have Diphtheria. It can be *prevented.*

If you love them—Make them safe

Experienced Health Boards urge that you take your children at once to a physician and have them protected from this deadly *scourge by means of the Toxin-*Antitoxin Treatment. The people who are introducing the Schick Test into the public schools need your heartiest co-operation. If your child brings home a request for your approval for the Test or the Toxin-Antitoxin treatment, do not hesitate to give permission.

Would you willingly permit a man to drive an automobile into a crowd of little children? Why then permit Diphtheria—unchecked—to mow them down?

Thirty years ago, 115 out of every 100,000 persons died of Diphtheria each year. In recent years, the number has been 15 per 100,000. But, even at this low figure, there are more than 15,000 deaths from Diphtheria annually in the United States.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company is making every effort to teach mothers that this disease is entirely preventable and urges them, as well as others in charge of children, to take no chances with Diphtheria.

Since the Schick Test has been perfected, the Company has recommended the very general use of this test in the public schools and also has encouraged making all children immune from Diphtheria by the use of Toxin-Antitoxin.

As a result of the educational campaign among its policyholders, there has been a very marked decline in the death rate from Diphtheria among children insured in the Company. Between 1911 and 1922, *the rate declined 36.1 per cent.* It is still lower so far in 1923.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will gladly mail a leaflet entitled "Diphtheria and its Prevention" to any one interested.

HALEY FISKE, *President*

Published by

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY—NEW YORK

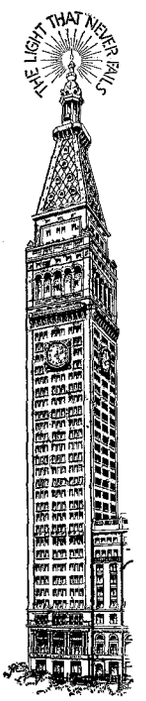
Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

THE message reproduced here, "No More Diphtheria," published in November 1923, contained facts unknown to a large majority of the people.

Many newspapers verified the statements and then, in the interest of local public welfare, reprinted the article in full in their news or editorial columns, or both. At the same time they urged local Boards of Health to see that every school child was protected from diphtheria. In 1923, the diphtheria death toll was about 13,500 in this country.

The facts about prevention of diphtheria were retold in 1926 when the death list was about 8,750; again in 1929 when it had dropped to about 8,000; and still again in 1931 when the mortality was about 6,000.

It is encouraging to report that last year about 8,000 fewer children died of the disease than in 1923. But the sad fact remains that in 1932, according to estimates, more than 5,000 children, most of them under five years of age, died from the disease.



Your doctor will tell you that the toxin-antitoxin inoculation against diphtheria is extremely simple and is neither painful nor dangerous. It leaves no scar and it gives sure protection from a disease against which, not many years ago, the science of medicine had found no defense.

If all the boys and girls in the country, more than six months of age, are inoculated now—and if in the future all babies are inoculated as soon as they are six months old—the death-rate from diphtheria will fall close to zero, and the promise made ten years ago "No More Diphtheria" will be fulfilled.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will gladly mail, free, its booklet "Diphtheria and Your Child." Address Booklet Dept. 1033-F.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT

ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

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